

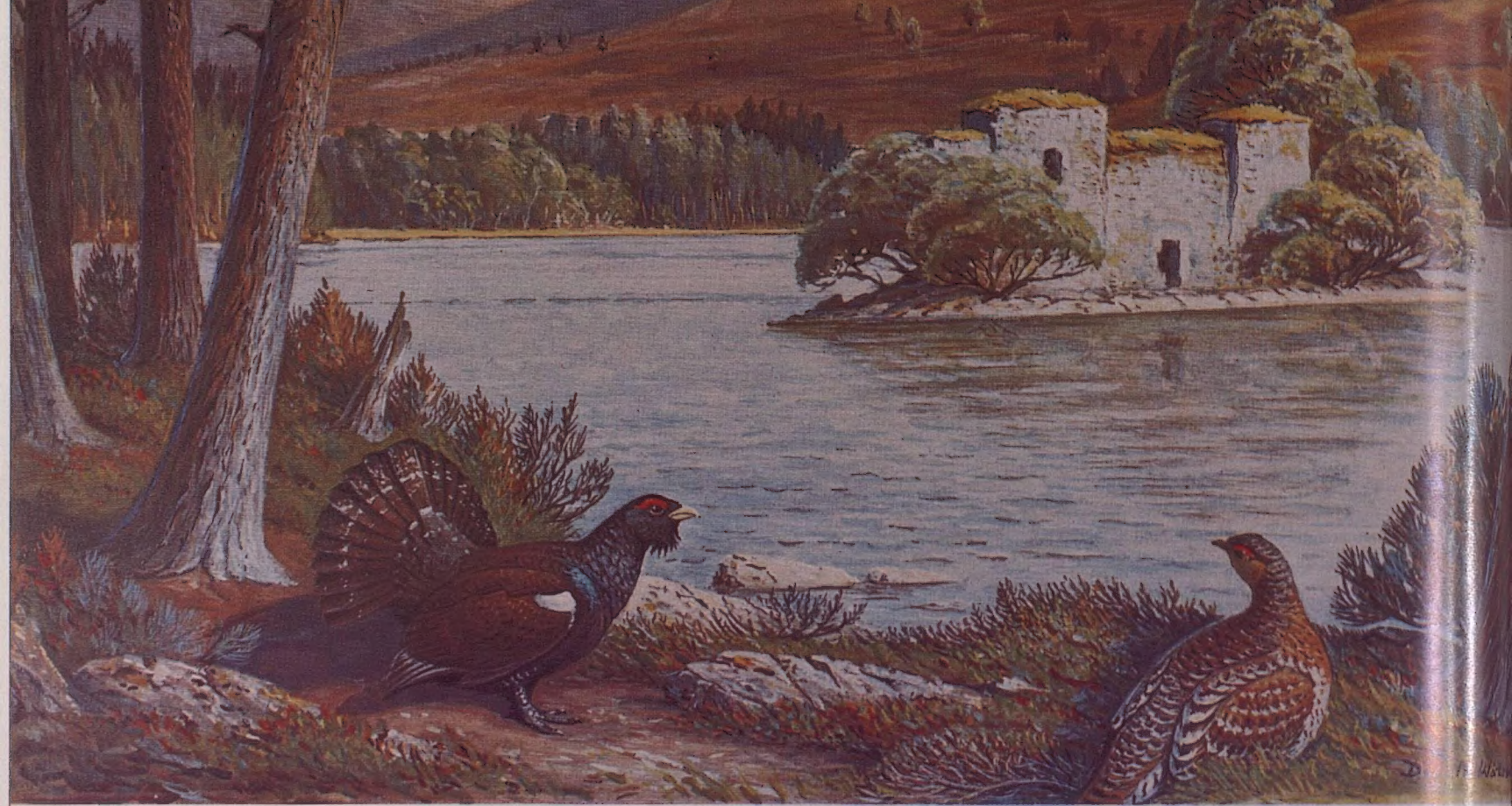
12 MAY 1965 2s.6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



climate for experiment



DONALD WATSON



Shell Guide to Bird Sanctuaries: Cairngorms and Loch Garten

With 58,822 acres, the Cairngorms is the largest National Nature Reserve in Britain. Donald Watson's painting shows Loch an Eilein in Inverness-shire, looking past the islet with ruins of a medieval castle towards Lairig Ghru pass and, beyond it, Cairn Gorm and snow-capped Creag an Leth-choin.

This is the best country in Britain to see the native Scottish races of crossbill and crested tit (figured, with osprey, in Eric Ennion's vignettes), as well as other rare birds which are protected with all the rigour of the law and the exertions of the reserve wardens, local land-owners, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and police—the lovely dotterel of the high tops, the delicate greenshank, the golden eagle, peregrine, merlin and snow bunting, and the huge capercaillie. Here a cock caper has two hens, one just flown to the pine, while he begins a nuptial display to the other—his front feathers already stand out and soon his neck will be vertically raised. Not far from here (but outside the N.N.R.), Britain's only two pairs of ospreys summer in the forest. One pair breeds every year, near Loch Garten, and is guarded by the R.S.P.B. An observation

post is sited so that visitors may see the eyrie. The public are welcome between 10.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. only from early April to mid-August: walk up the Peat Road, leaving the main highway beside the loch at grid ref. (NH) 977185, where posted.

Access is restricted in parts of the Forest of Mar in the N.N.R. in autumn. Otherwise tracks and trails in the Cairngorms are free to peaceful, fire- and litter-conscious citizens. Reserve wardens are A. Macdonald, Kinakyle, Aviemore, and J. F. Forsyth, Achnagoichan Cottage, Rothiemurchus, Aviemore, Inverness-shire; and for Mar, D. Rose, Lilybank, Braemar, Aberdeenshire. Stout footwear, windproof clothes, and a good 'piece' (emergency rations) essential for any extended walk in the Highlands. The boundaries of the N.N.R. are shown on the Ordnance Survey's new 1" Tourist Map of the Cairngorms.

JAMES FISHER

Some advice from Peter Scott: not all Britain's bird sanctuaries are open throughout the year. To avoid disappointment and help the sanctuary managers, please write ahead for permits, keep to trail regulations and drills, and read the COUNTRY CODE (6d. from H.M.S.O.).

Wherever you go...you can be sure of



tatler

and bystander volume 256 number 3324

EDITOR JOHN OLIVER

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The girl in the cover picture sets the climate for experiment further explored in J. Roger Baker's definitive feature on the subject, page 318 onwards. She's dressed for the part in a Terylene and cotton button-through white overall by Bergère Frères, £4 17s. 6d. at the Nurses Outfitting Association, 33 Victoria Street, S.W.1. The blue-tinted sunglasses with their narrow gold frames are by Oliver Goldsmith, 3 gns. at Susan Handbags, Knightsbridge. Lipstick is Lancôme's Couture, the hairstyle by John of Knightsbridge. Retorts, flasks and laboratory equipment from Scientific Glassblowers Company Ltd., 95 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Photograph by John Hedgecoe

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18 CARAT GOLD



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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Windsor Horse Show, 13-15 May.

Ski Club of Gt. Britain dinner-dance, Grosvenor House, 14 May. (Tickets, £2 10s., BEL 4711.)

Justice Ball, Savoy, 14 May. (Tickets, £3 3s., CEN 9428.)

Toc H. Jubilee, national celebration in London, 15-23 May. (Details GRO 6961.)

Wine & Cheese party, Upton House, Redbury, Glos., in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, 15 May.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera, 16 May-15 August.

Gala Première, *Operation Crossbow*, Empire, Leicester Square, 19 May, in aid of S.S.A.F.A. (Tickets, 1-15 gns., TRA 4131.)

Iris Ball, the Dorchester, 17 May, in aid of research into

blindness. (Tickets, 3 gns., WAT 7743.)

Floral Luncheon & Flower Arrangements Display, Savoy 20 May, in aid of the Forces Help Society & Lord Roberts Workshops. (Tickets, £3 3s., KEN 6663.)

Concert at Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire, 23 May, in aid of Family Planning International. (Tickets, £3 3s., BUNBURY 244.)

Air Ball, the Dorchester, 25 May. (Tickets, £3 10s., FRE 2285/6.)

Annual social evening at the Fellows' Restaurant, Zoological Gardens, arranged by Ward 3, St. Marylebone Conservative Association, 28 May. Speakers: Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P., and Miss Muriel Bowen. (Dinner tickets £2, from Mr. Ball, 42 Baker St., W.1.)

Chelsea Flower Show, 25 (private view) to 28 May.

CRICKET

New Zealand v. M.C.C. Lord's, 15-18 May; **v. Nottingham**, Trent Bridge, 19-21 May.

GOLF

Brabazon Trophy (English amateur stroke play championship), Formby, Lancs, 13-15 May.

MOTOR RACING

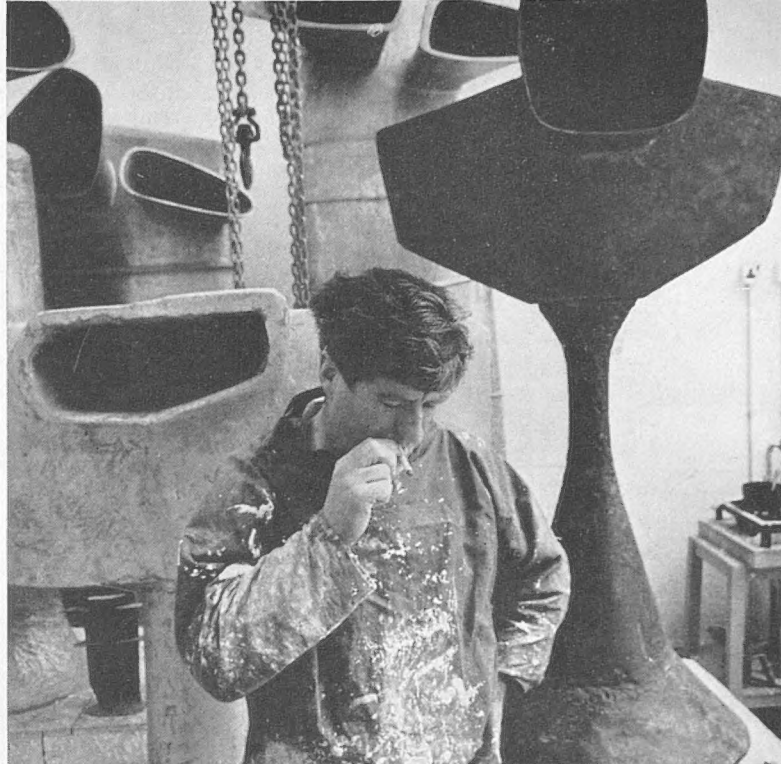
"Daily Express" International Trophy Meeting, Silverstone, 15 May.

FLYING

Air Travel Fair and Display, Biggin Hill Airfield, Kent, 13-16 May.

POLO

Cowdray Park, 1st rounds Benson Cup, 19, 20 May; Cooch Behar Cup, 20 May.



MICHAEL TAYLOR

Kenneth Armitage in his London studio. His new exhibition of sculptures can be seen at the Marlborough New London Gallery till 29 May. Robert Wraight reviews it in Galleries, page 339.

MUSICAL

Claydon Concert, Claydon House, Bucks. Mary Verney (harpsichord) and Philomusica Ensemble, 6.30 p.m., 16 May. (PRI 7142.)

Ranger's House, Blackheath, Heutling String Quartet, 7.30 p.m., 16 May. (WAT 5000, Ext. 8060.)

Camden Celebrity Concert, Camden School for Girls. Amadeus String Quartet, 7.30 p.m., 20 May. (WEL 8418.)

Heal's Mansard Gallery, Chamber Music Evening (first of five). Vlado Perlemuter (piano), Amaryllis Fleming ('cello), 7 p.m., 31 May. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, £1 1s. inc. buffet supper, MUS 1666.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, to 30 May.

Graphics In The Sixties, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 29 May.

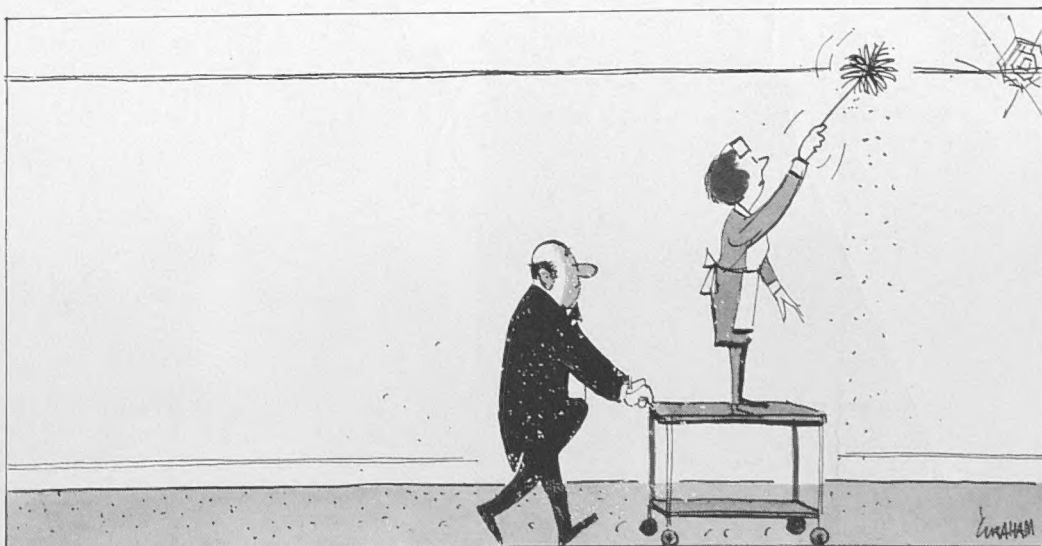
David Medalla, drawings & watercolours, Mercury Gallery, Cork St., to 22 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Old Vic (National Theatre). *Mother Courage*, tonight.

Aldwych. World Theatre Season. Actors Studio Theatre (New York), *Three Sisters*, 13 May.

BRIGGS by Graham



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BOUNCE



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John Baker White / Dining out in Beirut

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The Tatler's restaurant correspondent has just returned from a holiday in the Lebanon. In this article he passes on a few tips for dining out in Beirut.

Le Grenier, Rue de Phénicie, opposite the Excelsior Hotel, is traditional Lebanese in decor and food. Here you can have Mezzes, a variety of "dips" and *hors d'oeuvres* that go with charcoal grilled meats on skewers, and other dishes. They have the pleasant Musar and Ksara Lebanese red, white and rosé wines, which can be found in all the restaurants mentioned below.

Quo Vadis. One door up the street from Le Grenier. High quality Italian cooking and cheerful decor. The *hors d'oeuvres* are outstandingly good; so are what they call fried shrimps, which are grilled giant prawns with a saffron butter dressing. Spotlessly clean, and impeccable service. As with Le Grenier, including service and drink, allow about 35s. per head.

La Grotte aux Pigeons-Raouche. Built into the side of the cliff and overlooking the famous Pigeon Rock, this restaurant is popular at lunch-time with the business community because the cooking is good and prices reasonable. The cuisine is French and Lebanese, fish a speciality. So is Farrouj Mishwi (chicken, boned, pressed flat, cooked on a charcoal grill, and served with a garlic sauce). Lebanese beer goes well with it.

La Gondole, just across the road from Pigeon Rock, provides sound European and Oriental cooking; it is very far from expensive for a restaurant of this class.

Seven Seas in Bliss Street, just behind the American University, is a small restaurant with a most original decor of fresh leaves and plants, and has good fish cooking at a modest price.

Restaurant 222 in the Rue Ahmed Chawkie, close to the Excelsior, St. George, and Phoenicia hotels, is Italian with a friendly, cheerful atmosphere, and good cooking; they import their meat from Italy. **Saad** in the Avenue des Français, just off the sea front, is deservedly popular with the business community; it is spotlessly clean, inexpensive and

has a sound limited menu. You can eat Oriental food if you wish.

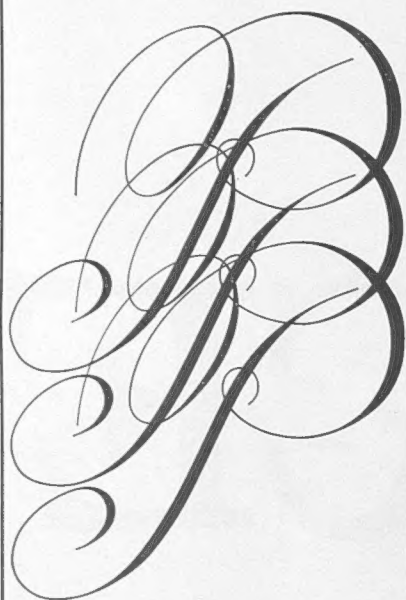
Bucarest, a few doors up the street from 222, is a good place for Hungarian cooking and tzigane music in an authentic reproduction of a Hungarian farmhouse. Lit by candles, with a menu that includes Rumanian dishes, the waiters in traditional costume, and a violinist who plays with gipsy abandon, it is the place to go for an amusing and not expensive evening.

If you want a completely Arabic fish restaurant, where the fish is straight from the sea, laid out for your choice and priced by weight, get a taxi to take you out to **Az-Samaka** on the Plage Jinah, but tell him to wait. It is quite a walk back.

For a floor show at night the

Casino de Liban is the best bet. For dining and dancing, without cabaret, **Les Caves du Roi**, under the Excelsior Hotel is much the most amusing and comfortable of the many night clubs. The bands are first class and the company amusing. With dinner, wine and service it will cost you a little under £4 10s. per head. There is no admission fee. It opens at 9.30 p.m. and finishes about 4.30 a.m. Booking well ahead is essential. It is a long time since I liked a night club so much.

Finally, where to stay? My choice, without hesitation, would be the **Excelsior**, with its swimming pool in the garden, pleasant bar, admirable service, and most reasonable prices for a four-star luxury hotel.



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Mr. & Mrs. Teddy Broughton, host and hostess of a new inn and restaurant, the Ranelagh, in Ranelagh Grove, Westminster, whose design is based on the Rotunda in the old pleasure gardens. They are standing by the rotating refrigerated salad tray, which is a feature of the restaurant. Mr. Broughton was formerly a professional musician, and toured for two years with the Black & White Minstrel Show

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Doone Beal / Target resort, Tunisia

GOING PLACES

Memory plays strange tricks, especially with travel. Mood, company and weather all cast their own light, and distance often enhances the appeal of a once-seen city, beach, village. But conversely, it was only on a second visit to Tunis that its full flavour came through to me. Its French provincial atmosphere predominates over its African location. The broad Boulevard Bourguiba is handsome and fragrant with huge flower stalls full of dewy magnolia and lilies and roses, set under the shade of the trees. The smell of crisp *croissant* and fresh coffee laced with Gauloise floats through the open doorways of the cafés. The Tunisians have none of the usual Arab indolence towards litter, peeling paint and sour smells. The locally made carpets, furniture and lamps have a restrained elegance of decoration; even the fish stalls are a work of art, and summer evenings are heady with the scent of

jasmine, which little boys proffer in tight bunches under the nose of every passer by.

The two old-fashioned hotels, Tunis Palace and Majestic, both have open garden terraces on to the street. They are shady at noon and balmy at night. And at the Malouf restaurant, which offers both a French menu and an Oriental one, you dine well by anybody's standards. The new Hilton, due to open at the end of August, is set on a hill just outside the city, with a magnificent view over the bay of Gammarth on one side and the white bowl of Tunis on the other. Among the most handsome examples of its kind, it will have tennis courts and a swimming pool as well as the usual Hilton kaleidoscope of bars and restaurants. It is a resort hotel just where it is most needed, close to Sidi Bou Said and the beaches of Carthage, whose hotel accommodation is otherwise sparse.

For pure lazing and swimming,



ABROAD

stir and its small adjacent resort of Skanes, location of the opulently splendid white palace of President Bourguiba. The same architect built the charming Les Palmiers and its big brother, the Skanes Palace. Here indeed is layabout luxury, with a swimming pool of Olympic proportions and some 10 miles of ivory coloured beach. Unlike the Palmiers, it is open all the year, and the building has been brilliantly contrived to catch every second of winter sunshine in corners shaded from the wind—as, equally, its white marble patios and the shady palm trees give it coolness in summer.

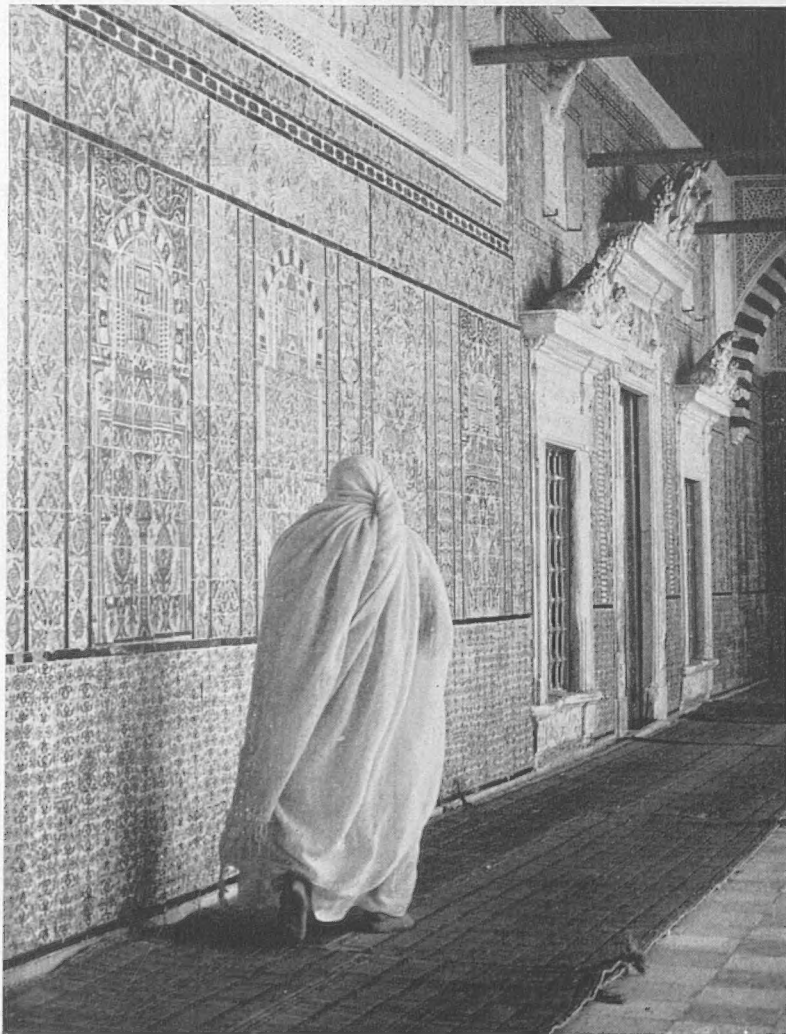
Djerba is perhaps the biggest draw of all. The coral beaches, the whitewashed Berber settlements, the scattered palm trees and the camels drawing water from the artesian wells cast an other-worldly spell. Choose the Ulysses Palace for cool, aseptic luxury: the Al Jazira for livelier company and more feeling of contact with the island, plus good French provincial food.

The Kerkennah Islands—in fact, two strips of land linked by causeway—are just off the coast of Sfax, slightly north of Djerba, and they share the same remoteness and climate. Till last summer, when a somewhat jerry-built hotel was constructed, they were pure desert for hideaways who used to camp and fish there. But the beaches (for, judging by Tunisian standards, we have become blasé) are not in the same class. To go there expecting an undiscovered Djerba, as I did, is the wrong approach; it is the comparison of silk to hemp.

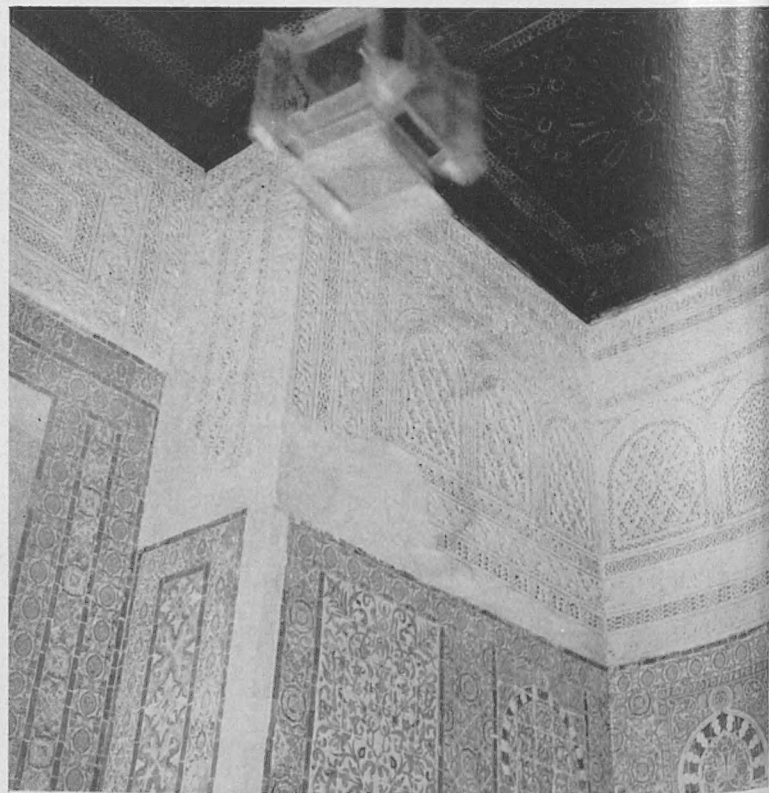
Curiosity satisfied and written off, I revisited Mona-

Kairouan, the 7th-century city built by the Arab conqueror Ibn Nafaa, is less than an hour's drive from Skanes. Isolated in the barren plain behind the big seaport of Sousse, it was once a halting place for the Ibn's warriors. Intending a stronghold for Islam, he created a city which grew to be the capital of Ifriqua. There, in turn, resided a succession of emirs and governors, caliphs and princes. The Great Mosque, which has remained unchanged since the 9th century, is an important place of Moslem pilgrimage

CONTINUED ON PAGE 306



Arab architecture at Kairouan



Inside the Mosque of Sidi Saheb at Kairouan



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 304

(the way these things are reckoned, seven pilgrimages there count as one to Mecca). Its vast, sunbaked quadrangle of honey-coloured stone is in the great tradition of Islamic architecture, but among several more mosques which, as the books say, are worthy of note, is the much later Barber's Mosque. Named after one of the Prophet's companions who cherished three hairs of his

beard to the tomb, it contains Andalusian stucco, white and lace-like as the Alhambra; and Lebanese cedar ceilings studded with mother of pearl which are a hangover of Turkish influence.

Otherwise, it is the walled souks, dating from the 17th century, whose white warrens seem virtually to cover the town, which are of interest. However blasé you are about Arab souks in general, these

rate high for smells, colour and activity. The carpet souks are the most absorbing. From the 10th century onwards, Ifriqua supplied the caliphs of Bagdad with a yearly tithe of 120 carpets which are believed to have been made in Kairouan. They are woven, traditionally, by women, who range from children through nursing mothers of 14 to walnut-faced grannies, all singing and chattering in unison behind their looms like caged birds.

Every major town, in fact, has its own walled souk, each village its labyrinth full of bird shops, food shops and ceramics, with strings of oranges, lemons and scarlet peppers blistering bright against the white walls. Nabeul, a salty little fishing village at the base of Cap Bon, is one of the prettiest — but then Hammamet, its resort neighbour, is situated, in my view, in the most attractive slice of the country. The northern reaches of Tunisia obey Mediterranean rules of climate and vegetation, with cypresses and mimosa; oranges, figs, magnolia and jasmin. Neither too hot nor too cold, I have bathed and sunbathed there in both April and August. Hammamet is sufficiently close to Tunis itself (one hour by road) to draw life from the capital. The Parc Plage hotel is one of those remembered havens to which one longs to return: bedroom cottages set in the gardens, and a splendid beach; pretty sun terrace, friendly service and delicious food.

I write with great personal fondness for Tunisia, but it would be misleading to give an impression of diversions or entertainment comparable with that of the French or the Italian rivieras. Prices are about at par. Food, owing to a strong French tradition, vies with Morocco in being the best in North Africa and a rival to much in Europe; but there is little opportunity to freelance outside your hotel. The landscape, the climate, the swimming and the space are the great appeals.

An excursion fare of £48 4s. return (Air France, *via* Paris) makes Tunisia a more economic proposition than many people realise. But a new and enterprising travel agency, Wright's Travel Service, offers completely independent and inclusive holidays at, for example, the Parc Plage Hotel for £100 for 15 days, on scheduled airline services. These holidays are available through all leading agencies, or direct from Wrights at Bridge Street, Kidderminster.



Above: Andalusian stucco, white and lace-like, decorates the interior of the great Barber's Mosque. Top: the inlaid walls of Sidi Saheb

MAN

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PHOTOGRAPH: PATRICK LICHFIELD

Sybilla Louise in London

Miss Sybilla Louise Ambler is a very young lady with a most impressive ancestry and circle of relatives. Born at King's College Hospital in London, she is the daughter of Princess Margaretha of Sweden and of her husband City businessman Mr. John Ambler. She was named Sybilla after her grandmother, Princess Sybilla, and Louise after

the late Queen Louise of Sweden who was a sister of Earl Mountbatten and of Princess Andrew of Greece, the mother of Prince Philip. Sybilla Louise, birth weight 8 lb., sleeps on a finely knitted cashmere shawl that has been in the possession of the Swedish Royal Family for many years, and wears a dress which her mother wore when she was a baby

Diplomats in the city

The Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, Sir James & Lady Miller, gave an Easter Banquet at the Mansion House which was attended by Ambassadors, representatives of Commonwealth governments and officers of the City of London



The Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress of London welcome the Peruvian Ambassador, Don Gonzalo N. de Aramburu



Lady Bellinger, wife of Alderman Sir Robert Bellinger



Lady Wagner, wife of Garter Principal King at Arms, talking to Lady Trend, whose husband, Sir Burke Trend, is Secretary of the Cabinet

The glittering night of the tiaras

by Muriel Bowen

The Lord Mayor of London, SIR JAMES MILLER, beamed broadly as he sat in his great gilded velvet chair at the Easter Banquet at the Mansion House. Left, right and centre the tiaras glistened and sparkled in the light of tall candles. A note printed in red and attached to each gilt-edged invitation had requested ladies to wear them and Sir James had every reason to be pleased with the response.

LADY MILLER wore one, of course, as did her daughter-in-law Mrs. JAMES MILLER. So too did Mrs. MICHAEL PERRING; LADY BELLINGER; the HON. Mrs. BOWATER; Mme. KABEMBA—wife of the Chargé d'Affaires of the Congo; the COUNTESS OF LONGFORD; Mrs. RALPH M. SNAGGE, wife of the Under-Sheriff; and LADY CACCIA.

There must have been 50 or more and they quickly became the chief talking point among men whose conversational flair usually lies in more weighty discussion. What a good idea it was of Sir James to ask the ladies to wear them. They added marvellously to a scene already rich with gold plate and footmen in green velvet uniforms. If there was any regret at all it can only have been for the young African diplomat's wife whose diamonds very nearly came crashing into the Morecambe Bay shrimps.

MAUREEN MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN & AVA wore the largest tiara, a resplendent affair of diamonds and pearls. One of the smallest, but the prettiest by far, was worn by Mrs. PENN, wife of LT. COL. ERIC PENN, Comptroller, Lord Chamberlain's Office.

Traditionally the Easter Banquet honours the Diplomatic Corps. TUNKU YA'ACOB, High Commissioner for Malaysia, the senior diplomat present, told the Lord Mayor that the number of diplomatic missions in London now exceeds 100. "We have grown by the natural processes of Parkinson's Law," he said, in a speech that had much of the lightness and gaiety that characterized the speeches of his brother, Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's Prime Minister, in times less grim than the present.

IN THE OTHER CITY

The neighbouring City of Westminster was also celebrating last week. Justifiably since in recent weeks Westminster has trebled its size by the inclusion of Paddington and St. Marylebone. The fact was marked by a Civic Service at Westminster Abbey where in a brilliant sermon on local government the RT. REV. JOOST DE BLANK took as his text: "A Citizen of No Mean City." He talked of the ghost towns that great cities are becoming. The flight from them was reaching mammoth proportions. "We find much of London and Westminster has become a great commuting area to which people come to work but from which they try

to escape as quickly as possible. Though they may reluctantly have to pay rates, they accept no normal responsibilities."

He blamed the car "which is turning Britain into an urban wilderness" for the decrease in the number of young and vigorous people living in city centres, and appealed for more housing in the centre and rediscovery of the pedestrian as a person of first importance.

After the service SIR CHARLES NORTON, the Mayor of Westminster, & LADY NORTON, together with aldermen and councillors, were entertained at a reception given by the Dean of Westminster, DR. ERIC ABBOTT.

NEPTUNE AND ZEEBRUGGE

Though they don't yet rival the Irish on St. Patrick's Day, the English had what was for them a nationalistic St. George's Day. A thousand bonfires blazed from high points round the coast to launch Enterprise Neptune, aimed at preserving some 900 miles of so far unspoiled coastline. Last time such a chain of light shone round the English coast the Spanish Armada was on its way. Stopping the despoilers and jerry builders round our coasts would seem to call for much the same sort of resolution.

The wearing of red roses in honour of St. George was noticeably on the increase this year. Artificial roses too, which benefit John Groom's Crippleage's home at Edgware, were much in evidence. At the Savoy trumpets blared and flags were unfurled for the annual banquet of



The German Ambassador and his wife, Herr & Frau Herbert Blankenhorn



Miss Claire McGeoch, daughter of Rear Admiral I. L. M. McGeoch, the Admiral President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich



Mr. & Mrs. James Miller. He is the son of the Lord Mayor of London

the Royal Society of St. George. The assembled guests were mostly of an age to remember Admiral Sir Roger Keyes' message to the men and ships under his command at Zeebrugge: "St. George for England."

TRADITION OF ST. GEORGE

The story they told after dinner was of young men and women of quite a different sort. SIR PAUL SINKER read a glowing letter from Dr. Robert Birley, former headmaster of Eton, of the part being played by British teenagers in under-developed parts of Africa. I liked the story of the 19-year-old working in a bush school who began his report: "From one headmaster to another. . . ."

The role of young people at home was no less impressive. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, who presided, told of a young lawyer in his 20s, Mr. Anthony Steen, who has created a practical outlet for those who wish to prove their usefulness in the community. The army of young which he has mobilized are devoting an evening or two a week to such chores as painting the homes of neglected and lonely elderly people in London. In this age of change the spirit of St. George has lost none of its lustre.

WIDE OPEN SPACES

To finish the season the Wylde Valley Hounds met at the School of Infantry, Warminster, in brilliant sunshine that made hunters and pink

coats look out of season. There was a warm welcome, reinforced by liquid refreshment, for the 50 riders from the Commandant, BRIG. ANTONY ARENGO-JONES. (See pictures on page 314.)

The Wylde Valley hunts on Salisbury Plain. Hunting there is like hunting in Kenya; the rolling, unfenced country spreads across uninterrupted miles to the skyline on all sides. Foxes are found, like hares elsewhere, in the long grass. There are no houses; no people.

"Anything up here that moves, can safely be hunted," explained LT. COL. PATRICK LANGFORD, the hunt's enthusiastic Honorary Secretary. The hounds, though, stick to foxes who continue to live on the Plain in large numbers despite the sound of gunfire from not far distant ranges.

WYLYE ON THE LOOK-OUT

It was a good day's sport, with the Master, COL. H. BENNETT SHAW, an ex-Palestinian policeman, well to the fore. Foxes and hounds move fast on the Plain, with few obstacles to slow their progress. By 2 p.m. we had covered a good 15 miles—a sharp burst of 40 minutes followed by a longer and slower hunt. This considerable early activity was admirably suited to the plans of DIANA DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, Mr. DAVID GUNDRY, and several others—they were spending the afternoon at the races. Others hunting included MAJOR JAMES SAUNDERS; Miss SUSAN LANGFORD; Mrs. JOHN

PAINTER; Miss HEATHER SHACKLETON; Mr. JOHN HECTOR; and WING COMDR. "Wing-co" EVERIDGE, 82, and still a regular foxhunter.

The hunt is already on the look-out for a joint-Master for the 1966-67 season. As everybody expects their good huntsman SIDNEY BAILEY to go on to bigger things they are looking for a keen young amateur who will eventually hunt hounds. The Wylde Valley manages to show good sport on the proverbial shoe-string. A joint-Master would have to find no more than about £700 I was told.

TAILPIECE 1

Having partaken of much rich food, wine and cigars at the Business Equipment Trade Association lunch at the Savoy, a worried guest asked Mr. ARTHUR DICKSON WRIGHT, the surgeon, if giving up smoking and drinking in the future would make him live longer. "Well it will certainly *feel* longer," retorted Mr. Dickson Wright.

TAILPIECE 2

The antique silver salver and fondant dish given to Mr. HAROLD & LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN by Bromley Tories is being carried upstairs every night at their Sussex home and put safely under the bed. Explains Lady Dorothy: "We have to contend with two hazards—grandchildren and burglars. The grandchildren regard our possessions as their own and we have been burgled several times."

A ball for teenagers in Belgrave Square

Teenagers danced to the music of the Trekkers at the Geranium Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The ball, which

included a hot buffet supper, was held at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square and a cabaret was given by Sam, the folk singer

Miss Sarah Giles



Miss Genevieve Bune and Mr. Martin Bruce



Miss Belinda Page Wood, daughter of Capt. Matthew Page Wood, dancing with Mr. Adam Hackett



Mr. Nicholas Soames, son of Mr. Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries in the last government, Mr. Jeremy Tulk-Hart, Miss Emma Soames, Nicholas's sister, and Miss Tessa Kirwan Taylor listen to the Trekkers



Miss Marie Grosscurth

Royal Academy opening launches the London season

Fashion took precedence over paintings as is the custom at the Private View of the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House. The event is traditionally regarded as the

opening day of the London season. This year, as well as the predictable, there were many controversial canvases on show; notable among them John Bratby's *Crucifixion*

Lady Freyberg, wife of Lt-Col. Lord Freyberg, Grenadier Guards



Miss Sophie Brooke and her sister Miss Helen Brooke. They are the daughters of Mr. Humphrey Brooke, Secretary of the Royal Academy



Viscount & Viscountess Sandon. He is heir to the Earl of Harrowby



Lady George Scott, herself an artist



Miss Amalia Meinertzhagen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Luke Meinertzhagen



Lady Mariota Murray, daughter of the Earl of Mansfield, and Miss Catharine Hope daughter of Colonel John Hope, of Luffness, Aberlady, Scotland

A cavalry sortie from the School of Infantry

Members of the Wylde Valley Hunt drank a stirrup-cup at the School of Infantry, Warminster, before moving off across Salisbury Plain. The large

field, which included many young riders, enjoyed good sport before running down their fox at the end of the day

Huntsman Sidney Bailey, with Bert Legg, the Whip, leads the pack out across the Plain



Brig. A. J. A. Arengo-Jones, Commandant of the School of Infantry, Lt.-Col. P. E. Langford, hunt secretary, and Mrs. Arengo-Jones



The Master, Col. H. Bennett Shaw, formerly of the Palestine Police, with a hunt terrier, Spider



Diana Duchess of Newcastle riding 15-year-old King Henry Road, on which she has won many point-to-point races



Miss Susan Langford, daughter of Lt.-Col. Langford, takes a day off from her A-level studies. She hopes to be a children's hospital almoner

Mr. John Hector, director of a building firm, at full gallop across the Plain



Wing-Comdr. J. Everidge who, in his 80s, is the hunt's oldest follower, was riding Paddy, temporarily out from retirement



Two Pony Club members at the meet were Jane Carpenter on Lucky Number and Janet de Rhe-Philipe on Emir

Two hundred dance at the Eglinton Hunt Ball

Mr. & Mrs. Antony Collins who organized the Ball at Hollybush House, near Ayr. Mr. Collins is a steeplechase rider and a member of Collins, the publishing firm



Lt.-Col. Michael Borwick, chairman of the Eglinton Hunt, and the Marquise de Boissésou from Paris



Major John Henderson, joint-Master of the Eglinton Hunt, and Mrs. Reade, wife of Lt.-Col. A. H. M. Reade



Mr. Benedict Hoskyns-Abraham and Miss Catherine O'Grady



Miss Susan Grieg, whose father is Col. David Grieg, joint-Master of the Eglinton Hunt, dancing with Mr. Sandy Irvine-Smith



Mr. Hamish Leslie Melville, the Hon. Fiona Corbett, daughter of Lord Rowallan, and George Orr, the Eglinton huntsman

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

The Hon. Janet Weir, daughter of Viscount Weir



Miss Virginia Colville dancing with Mr. Nicholas Phipps, whose home is in Wiltshire

The new general organizer for Scotland's Gardens Scheme recently began work at the Edinburgh headquarters. She is Mrs. Hugh Davenport, wife of a retired naval officer, and she is to take the place of Miss Polly Wellwood who is to be married next month. This is Mrs. Davenport's first experience of this sort of work—she has been working in an Edinburgh antique business for the past year—but she brings plenty of initiative and enthusiasm to her new job.

Mrs. Davenport comes from New Zealand, but has been in Britain since before the war. She has had a good deal of personal experience of gardens and gardening both at her home in Napier, New Zealand, and, more recently, near Gifford, East Lothian. She and her husband moved to Edinburgh four years ago. "We have a pocket handkerchief garden now," she told me, "but I am, and always have been, very fond of gardens."

Already Mrs. Davenport has visited many of the gardens in the Scheme and she is keenly looking forward to getting to know many more. "I don't know the ones in Argyll yet," she told me. The job will entail a good deal of travelling, but Mrs. Davenport is quite happy about this, for her family is now off her hands. Her youngest son is at boarding school in England, she has a daughter reading modern languages at St. Andrews University, a son in the navy who will be commissioned in September, and another son who will be graduating Ph.D. in economics this month from the University of Pennsylvania and who will take up a lectureship at York University in August. Her elder daughter, who is a graduate of Oxford, is married to a schoolmaster in Ottawa and is herself studying for a Ph.D.

Paintings for sale

The opening of the 139th annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh was, as usual, a brilliantly colourful affair, with bright evening dresses and splashes of tartan mingling with the rich plum velvet of the academicians' robes. All Edinburgh seemed to be there, as well as a good deal of Glasgow and Aberdeen. Guests were received by the president, Sir William MacTaggart, Lady MacTaggart and members of the Council.

I met Mary Armour, R.S.A., that very gifted painter who has the warm and friendly personality typical of Glaswegians. Her glowing *Still Life with Seed Pods* had one of the coveted little red seals in its corner indicating that it

had been sold. At that time Mrs. Armour didn't even know who had bought it. The only other red seal I was able to discover that first evening as I struggled through the gay crowds—mostly with their backs to the pictures—was on Sir William MacTaggart's *After Rain*.

Mrs. Armour is known for her landscapes and her still-life studies. "I have been painting flowers all my life," she told me. She grows them, too, with an artist's eye. "I don't grow sweet peas because I don't like their shape," she said; but roses and annual chrysanthemums always find a place in her garden. Mrs. Armour is having a show of her work during this month at the Douglas & Foulis Gallery in Edinburgh. I also met Academician Mrs. Margaret Hislop looking dramatically attractive in black velvet and sea green silk. Her lovely *Autumn Landscape* must appeal to anyone who has ever enjoyed a walk in Edinburgh's Botanic Garden—an almost inevitable choice of subject for Mrs. Hislop as her home is next door to the Garden.

Among the Glasgow contingent I noticed sculptor Benno Schotz, also an Academician and a member of the Council. Mr. Schotz's impressive 23 ft. sculpture in welded manganese bronze for Glenrothes new town centre was unveiled a few days later.

House for sale

When I saw an advertisement recently offering Pantiles at Longniddry for sale I feared that we were about to lose one of our most distinguished women novelists. For Pantiles is the charming home near Edinburgh of Elizabeth Ferrars and her husband, Professor Robert Brown, who has the Chair of Botany at the University of Edinburgh. However, Miss Ferrars has reassured me. They are merely moving into a flat in Edinburgh to be nearer the university.

What with all the organizing of the prospective move, Miss Ferrars, for once, doesn't seem to have a new novel in mind. Her most recently completed one is called *No Peace for the Wicked* and it is set on a Greek island. It is being serialized in a British magazine this summer and will probably be published in novel form early next year. Meanwhile, it's on with the removal, which will probably even take up their holidays this year, says Miss Ferrars rather ruefully. But once they're into their new home, unlike the wicked, there should be peace for Professor and Mrs. Brown for, she told me happily of the flat, "one of its attractions is that it needed so little done to it."

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The Radiophonic Workshop

Electronic music is a purely 20th-century product: it is created by the manipulation of tape on all sources of sound—both natural and artificial—that can be picked up by a microphone. All the sounds can be treated and altered, juxtaposed and superimposed on a rhythmic base provided by normal instruments. The ancients would have been delighted with this realization of the music of the spheres. The Elizabethans felt something like this could be done—Shakespeare on Prospero's island and Bacon in *The New Atlantis*, who wrote of: "Sound-houses, wher wee practise and demonstrate all Sounds, and their Generation." Broadcasting, sound and television, has given electronic music its greatest impetus and provides its major platform. By using it in popular programmes the public becomes aware, almost subliminally, of something that in other circumstances may be off-putting; thus the signature music of *Dr. Who* and other popular radio and TV programmes are produced electronically. These pieces are the work of the Radiophonic Workshop at the B.B.C.'s Maida Vale studios which was pioneered by Desmond Briscoe. "Radiophonics are an extension of the radio-dramatic thing, and were not originally conceived as music, but any form of sound that is organized becomes a musical form," he says. One of his early jobs with the B.B.C. was to provide records for incidental and between-programme music. He quickly discovered that, due to broadcasting, the public was becoming over-familiar with classical music and an alternative had to be found. Early experiments led to a gradual acceptance of the Radiophonic Workshop which was given an increase of staff and facilities five years ago; employs people creating for five days a week, and handled last year about 200 commitments. Sound radio is particularly suitable for radiophonics, which possibly began with Beckett's play *Embers* written specially with the technique in mind, as was Bernard Kops' *The Dark Ages*, and *The Disagreeable Oyster* by Giles Cooper. "We are here to help the viewer or listener to understand the piece. There is no point in fogging the issue," says Briscoe. There is a staff of seven at the workshop, all young; four are engineers, the others chiefly creative. It is not simple to achieve the right effects. Says Briscoe: "It is advisable that anyone wanting to take it up has read music either at university or the Royal College. You must know the source of sounds and what treatments they can be subjected to. This doesn't rule out chance, of course. It is rather akin to painting: while it is planned architecturally, you can modify. But if you keep adding you get a brown mess." It can take quite a long time to produce the required effect: "Half the battle is getting on the producer's wavelength. This is done by discussion and looking at film. You have to extend the imagination, as with *Dr. Who* for example the thought is what sort of sound does a police box make moving through space?" Use of the medium is spreading rapidly, to schools broadcasting within the B.B.C. and to the theatre. It is more common on the Continent to find electronic music used in the theatre, but increasingly so over here—most recent example was in the ballet *Jungle* performed by Norman McDowell's London Dance Theatre (*opp. cit.*).

The Radiophonic Workshop:
From left: Desmond Briscoe, pioneer in electronic music for the B.B.C. and head of the workshop, Dick Mills, Delia Derbyshire, Keith Salmon, Brian Hodgson. Completing the staff, not in the picture, are John Harrison, John Baker, and David Young

THE CLIMATE FOR EXPERIMENT

BY J. ROGER BAKER

Artists and people concerned with the social scene are induced to experiment when the century moves faster than they do. It happened in the 17th





Les Swingle Singers

Under present conditions experiment in popular music is non-existent: that Great New Sound is too frequently that Great Old Sound several decibels louder. Les Swingle Singers have, however, come up with something that is really fresh and new and so instantly appealing that they have managed to put Bach and Mozart in the charts. Initial surprise, subsequent pleasure is usually the sequence of reaction from a first hearing of their records. This double quartet (two of each voice, all French apart from the leader Ward Swingle who is American) interpret the music of baroque composers in vocal terms. They do not improvise, but follow strictly the instrumental lines of the original with onomatopoeic sounds. The major difference between a Bach original and a Swingle reprise is that the singers are accompanied by a string bass and drums which may give the impression that they are swinging the classics, a not entirely correct, and in any case an underestimate, of their work. Ward Swingle describes how the sound emerged: "All the members of the group were employed in recording studios in Paris, putting in the backgrounds to pop singers, occasionally using the instrumental style. In about 1962 we started to meet in our own time to practise and improve our musicianship. I thought we would read through some Bach and soon realized we were making an intriguing sound. We did a demonstration disc and had absolutely no idea of the impact it would have. This was a year ago. Since then we have become a professional group and did a tour of America including a concert at Carnegie Hall and a *soirée musicale* at the White House." Having discovered their medium, almost accidentally, the singers began their experimenting seriously. They moved from Bach to Vivaldi and Mozart. "We are a bit on a razor's edge," added Ward Swingle. "What we do fits our taste but not everyone's. The Bach specialists are usually kind to us, and performing musicians like it. But the musicologists are more difficult. We are now planning to experiment with music of the 19th century—some Chopin waltzes, and we would like to perform something written specially for us in a modern idiom." The lead soprano Christiane le Grand's brother Michel wrote the non-stop vocal music for *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, and that new experiment may not be too far away.

The Swingle Singers on the Serpentine bridge. Ward Swingle is on the far right, next to him Christiane le Grand, his lead soprano. The others include Jeanette Baucumont, Anne Germain, Alice Herald, Jean Gussac, Claude Germain and José Germain

B. S. Johnson

The novel is a truly protean form; it can accommodate itself to a quick joke or a massive examination of the human condition and all that comes between. Yet remarkably few contemporary novelists feel the urge to extend its limits and to experiment with its form. One who has is B. S. Johnson whose first two novels *Travelling People* and *Albert Angelo* achieved a mild succès de scandale when they appeared. In the first he used a succession of totally different styles for certain episodes of the story ranging from a first person narration to the internal monologue, and a long and hilarious party scene is told in the form of a film script, camera angles and all. This book also contains a number of pages coloured in various shades of black. *Albert Angelo* has only one visual surprise; a hole cut in a group of pages. "I do find it strange that more writers do not experiment," he says, "I am always trying to find new and better ways to say what I want to. There is Angus Wilson for example, a novelist I admire tremendously who really pinpoints contemporary life. But he uses the methods of Dickens. After James Joyce it's like studying physics without taking Einstein into account. Joyce had done so much; everyone says they've read him, but no one seems to have followed his direction, apart perhaps from Beckett who went off into a side-way."

B. S. Johnson does not make up his own words like Joyce, nor does he go wildly surrealist like William Burroughs. He may dispense with punctuation from time to time, or present a page laid out in two columns, one giving the spoken conversation, alongside it the thought process. It is amazing how quickly the reader can adjust and accommodate this technique. Otherwise he makes few demands. The black pages in *Travelling People* attempt to suggest, through the use of various grains and colours, degrees of unconsciousness (solid black indicates death), which is quite clear to the intelligent reader. The holes in *Albert Angelo* are an attempt to let the reader see into the future: "How else can you do it?" he asks, rather defiantly. Both novels had (with one exception) a disappointing press. Johnson comments: "If the critics had bothered to examine the validity of my reasons for doing what I did they may have understood more. But they didn't." From this it is clear that Johnson is not just playing around with the novel, but feels deeply and seriously about it. "My next one won't contain holes or signs," he says. "It deals with the problem of isolation, a great modern preoccupation, and takes place mostly within a mind. This poses a completely new set of problems which I am trying to solve at the moment. The devices I employ do spring from the subject matter." Johnson's background begins with failure in the 11+, goes through London University, Birkbeck College and finally an honours degree at King's, Cambridge. At King's he edited the college magazine, wrote poetry, criticism and took a massive part in Drama Society activities, acting and directing. For a while he did stints of supply teaching to earn a living apart from his novels. The present conditions of teachers and schools is a major, and fearful, part of *Albert Angelo*. Says Johnson: "If I write for anyone at all except myself, I write for people like myself. The audience will catch up with me . . . I won't compromise."



B. S. Johnson, novelist who tries to make his technique fit what he wants to say. Lives in Islington and a sense of this area pervades his novel *Albert Angelo*



Bruce Lacey, creator of machines that comment savagely on the world around us. He uses some of them, called humanoids, in his cabaret act



Bob Brooks, a photographer who brings the smooth expertise of New York into London

Bruce Lacey

It is not easy to define Bruce Lacey, or what he does. If an eccentric is a person who lives his life on his own terms, regardless of society, then Lacey is an eccentric. But he is acutely aware of society; hate of it, and the things it produces, form the basic inspiration for his work. Fear is present too: fear of the way science meddles with the natural processes of life, and fear of the complacency with which scientific development is received by the common man. So his aim is to shock people into awareness. This he does by devising *assemblages*—man-sized machines composed of the trivia and refuse of industry and leisure—with strange and disturbing titles. One example will suffice: it is called *The Institution*. In a coffin sits an old man on a commode chair. The body is one of those swivelling postcard holders full of Victorian snapshots. Within arm's length is a gas ring with a fried egg in a pan. At eye level is a bathroom cabinet stacked with medicines and pills. "I visited a relation in an institution," Lacey told me, "and became aware that she could well have been already in her coffin. I have heard it said that people can be kept in extreme old age under similar conditions. When they die, the lid is put on. It has been suggested that old people are jettisoned into space in rockets, too." The effect is disturbing and sad. Other things he illustrates in similar ways include drug addiction (called *I'm no chicken*, because that is what Lacey was called when he refused to try a drug once), showbusiness (he hates the glittery show-biz personality), and the concept of man as a baby trapped by science. Lacey vigorously denies that he could be called a pop artist: "The pop artist attempts to organize the symbols he chooses—coke cans and so on—into something pretty, ignoring the deeper implications. I reflect the world and my fears for the future. It is enough for me to have a few hundred tiny dolls, representing babies, haphazardly in a polythene bag. The pop artist would want to arrange them." The *assemblages* are the result of Lacey's gradual move towards a form of self-expression, which he initially attempted to achieve on the stage. He is a member of a group called The Alberts (which featured in *An Evening of British Rubbish*). Their act is essentially improvisation: "We do not believe in magic or illusion, but in truth and honesty. If we stumble on a good routine, okay . . . but if it starts getting too slick we will ruin it deliberately." Lacey appeared at the *Poor Millionaire* (opp. cit.) in cabaret with his humanoids—working models. He made two robot actors, worked by electricity, that epitomized the hated show-biz image for him. From this the rest developed. "Apparently there was a world movement towards these *assemblages*," he said. "But I didn't know anything about it until someone told me. Now I have made about 35 and sold 3."

Bob Brooks

Photographers' studios in London range from a converted Pre-Raphaelite type artist's pad, to a rented room over a garage shared with three others. To find one constructed on the American plan is surprising and impressive. Such is that of Bob Brooks, an American now living in London. It is vast, clean and packed with technical equipment. Efficiency and organisation are the key thoughts, for Brooks is essentially interested in the commercial demands on photography. He is typical of the new type of photographer around, concerned with producing technically perfect but emotive still-lives mainly in colour. He has been a full-time photographer for only just over a year; previously he was an art director, visualising advertisements, sometimes taking the photographs, sometimes writing the copy. Consequently he views his professional career as a continuing experiment, as when he agreed to take some fashion shots for the *TATLER*: "This was an experiment for me, and likewise anything I tackle that I haven't done before becomes one." It has been observed that the age we are living in will be remembered through photography, just as the 20s and the 30s are pinned in the prose of the time. But there is little impulse for a photographer to experiment technically, as he does not wish to vary the finished product too much. The demand for experimental photography is limited, publication outlets very few, apart from exhibitions and some forward-thinking magazines like *Ark*. So a photographer's experiment is really an internal thing, lying in the way he approaches a subject rather than what he does while processing. The advertising photographer is perhaps more hemmed in than others in the same business as what he does is governed strictly by the demands of his clients. While there is no limit to the technical ability shown, the imagination is given a severe boundary. Bob Brooks devised and photographed a pint of bitter for an advertisement, showing a splendid froth overflowing the glass to the table. It was a mouth-watering image. The client however stated that beer should not overflow like this, and therefore the picture had to be re-shot. Until photography becomes an end in itself rather than a means of conveying a thought or idea, experiment will be limited. The most admired photographers like Art Kane or Richard Avedon experiment, but only from a severe basis of reportage.



Robert Brownjohn

Experimenter, innovator, several strides ahead of everyone else in his field, Robert Brownjohn is concerned with the age's current artistic obsession: visual communication. "There are few boundaries to my work, I design anything from letterheads to movies." Architecture, photography, all printed matter, exhibitions, advertising, books, magazines—they are all involved. A member of a successful design partnership in New York, Brownjohn came over on a visit and says he was "captivated by London," so set himself up to work over here. "I was tired of doing nothing but work in New York, nothing but the normal run of graphics. New York is stimulating for a designer, but in London you have to stimulate yourself, and if you want to do something you are the only one who can make sure that it's done." Brownjohn certainly found the necessary inner stimulation in London, immediately became immensely successful, broke into several new fields and is now receiving commissions from the States: "I am convinced they don't know I'm an American—drop out for a while and you are forgotten—which just shows that America is beginning to look across the Atlantic for design ideas." Brownjohn collects prizes, gold medals and awards like other people collect the groceries. Among his notable work has been the American Streetscape section of the American pavilion at the Brussels World Fair and the credit titles for two James Bond films, *From Russia with Love* in which the words wrapped themselves around a belly dancer, and *Goldfinger* ("Those titles alone cost £2,500"). It was not until he arrived in England that Brownjohn managed to get into films: he has just completed a highly experimental advertising film for the Midland Bank which consists entirely of words, moving and jumping and acting out their function (for example the 'o' in golf comes winging in as if clubbed to rattle into place) and is currently working on nine other films—both advertising and documentary. Brownjohn has seen a decisive increase in the general public's acceptance of his type of work: "The change in the past five years has been fantastic. This Midland Bank film is an amazing phenomenon, being just words. I could show you some 200 rejected slides that were once considered too far out." Even so he will always meet censorship until the public (or the client) catches up with him; even the poster he designed for *Goldfinger* was rejected: "And in the film world you have to contend with actors who have it in their contracts that their names must be a certain size, which kills a design." He teaches at the Chelsea College of Art, and his innovations in graphic design have led to the creation of much of the imaginative and enticing work one sees around.

Robert Brownjohn, graphics designer extraordinary, can make words do almost anything he requires of them

Stephen Kennedy

One aspect of the social revolution we have been idly watching and casually recording over the past decade has been the Englishman's increased interest in food and eating it out. Stephen Kennedy says he overheard a couple ordering in a Spanish restaurant. There were a number of alternatives on the menu and the man was slightly foxed. Finally he said: "I'll play safe and have *paella*." Kennedy snorts when he tells the story—"Play safe with *paella* . . . that's how far the English have come." Nine years ago Stephen Kennedy was a Hungarian journalist, a foreign correspondent, who decided to go into catering. In France he saw chickens being spit roasted and thought it would be a good idea to try it in London. "There were difficulties at first. I couldn't get hold of the equipment for a while and then I had to fight against the prejudice against food being cooked in public." But he managed and the first Marble Arch Barbecue arrived, an experiment that led to countless imitations and made Kennedy a successful caterer now owning a dozen restaurants; eleven in London, one in Brighton. A constant urge to try something new informs his progress. Three years ago he opened the Poor Millionaire in Bishopsgate ("I'm for anywhere with no parking problems"). It was lunches only, but later he introduced an evening session with a cabaret rather after the Establishment style. Recently he has been experimenting with imported cabarets—in French and German—but these were unsuccessful and the current show is retrieving lost ground. He has several more restaurants planned, all idiosyncratic, reflecting Kennedy's own sharp humour—one with a motorcar decor will be called the Two Hoots—and he is including in his Leicester Square combine a Café Anglais where the entertainment will simply be an after-dinner speech given by a celebrity noted for pungent comment. Kennedy's latest major experiment is *Music à la Carte* in St. Martin's Lane, a restaurant where the cabaret is given by a group of young opera singers doing anything from Gilbert and Sullivan to Mozart (in English), and happy to respond to requests. Currently Joan Turner is singing (seriously, for a change from her comedy line), and on the lower floor the entertainment is lighter but within the *fado*-folk bracket and customers can dance there too. "Opera is snob thing in the theatre," says Kennedy, "and the restaurant is not for people who respond to that. I aim to show the 95% that opera really is good entertainment."

Max Clendinning

Max Clendinning lives in a neat early Victorian house in Canonbury. Outside it has the suburban elegance of the period; inside it is decisively of the 1960s. The hall is papered silver (not chocolate box glittery, but with the dull gleam of foil) with deep red curtains and cunning mirrors. His sitting room has no colour at all, being all white and off-white—even a green-leaved plant has been banished to the kitchen. Furniture and *collages* on the walls he designed himself. The room is impeccably ordered; he is considering closing in a long low table that carries records and player to smooth out the eye-disturbing clutter. He is an architect who won a scholarship from Ireland to the Architectural Association. "The reason this country is not so experimental in this field is the financial question, people just aren't prepared to take the risk and I am not prepared to compromise. But there are lots of exciting buildings going up, particularly for the new university programmes. One great fault in British architecture is that too many materials and colours are used." This belief underpins all his work and is why his own house is so (literally) colourless: "Shapes and forms are the important things and the people provide the colour in my rooms, they stand out against the whiteness." One of Mr. Clendinning's most notable buildings is the Oxford Road railway station in Manchester. It is a beautiful and, for that part of the world, unlikely building. But the Mancunians are proud of it and show it to visitors. Though based on the familiar station form, it is executed entirely of wood: "That was the first time in the world wood had been used for this sort of thing. There are three layers 1½ in. thick over a span of 100 ft." Another first for him is on another project, a new civic centre for Crawley where he is veneering a 1 in. thickness of Portland stone on to concrete. Current experiment is designing a building based on curves which will blend in with the contours of its site. He feels that there is a trend to softening and to luxury again in buildings and in furniture, a reprise of the 1930s in fact. Mr. Clendinning designs his own furniture and has it made up by his brother who manufactures furniture back in Ireland, in County Armagh. "The best architects are furniture designers," he says, "architecture doesn't stop with walls, you have to visualize the people using the building and you can't separate the furniture—right down to the ashtrays—from the building. Unfortunately clients don't ask architects to do this and architects rarely point the omission out. I have seen superb modern buildings totally ruined when the firm using them moves in with all its old desks and Victorian office equipment." Pop art is something that fascinates him ("I don't see why because one gets older one should cease to listen to pop music"), and he has created a number of *collages* for his house from rusty tackle found in the garden. A London store has expressed interest in his ideas for pop furniture—geometric and jazzy—which he is also experimenting with at the moment.



Stephen Kennedy in the foyer of his latest restaurant, *Music à la Carte* in St. Martin's Lane



Max Clendinning reflected in one of the circular mirrors in the silver and scarlet hall of his house in Canonbury



John McGrath, playwright, television director, co-devisor of *Z Cars*, is currently working on a new stage play

John McGrath

The most decisively original medium evolved by the 20th century is television—more accessible than the cinema, more complete than sound broadcasting alone. But television remains untamed, for too long regarded as either a small-scale cinema or a means of photographing a stage play. In the past few years a new generation of writers, directors, technicians, has been growing. They have a powerful belief in television's potential; they nudge the controlling powers to extend boundaries, to experiment. Notable among them is John McGrath. One of his early experiments (in collaboration with Troy Kennedy Martin) achieved a staggering success—*Z Cars*. "We hoped that the experiment would emerge as a dynamic piece of TV, but we were quite prepared to have it taken off after six episodes, so we suffered a little confusion when they asked for more. We were trying to put across the image of a society we both knew and cared about and it was a real experiment in presentation with clean cutting building up a special rhythm over 50 minutes. The story was a peg for pictures of a society and the people in it. The police characters were part of that society." Talking about the series, McGrath indicated the pressures that experimenters have to contend with in all fields: "In *Z Cars* the characters eventually took over and the whole thing became a commercial series." McGrath speaks with knowledge: after writing a couple of plays he joined the B.B.C. as a writer. "But I soon found the only way to get involved is by learning technique and knowing how far you can go." So he took a course in directing for a year, then did a book programme ("exploring new styles in a backwater") and did some "wild adaptations" in the script department. At this time he directed Michael Caine and Frank Finlay in *The Compartment*, and also a play called *The Girl in White* which was never shown—another eventuality the experimenter faces: that his subject, or technique are not considered suitable for public taste. With B.B.C. 2 McGrath became an executive producer, in charge of a series of six films specially created for television by a variety of different people. "TV has been feeding on the cinema for too long, accepting old films, 250 at a time. It should discover a film form of its own, find an area of experience that can be revealed somewhere between the studio and the feature film. It is a financial problem, discovering an economical way of making a film on location as replacement for the studio—those flat floors kill me." He feels too that drama could be given a wider scope and scale. "*Z Cars* was going some way towards it and another series I did *Diary of a Young Man* was also moving in a different direction—but that sort of thing should really be accepted as run-of-the-mill stuff instead of being regarded as unusual." A third area for experiment in TV is the documentary which McGrath sees as being in a dead end: "The recognized techniques have been used well, but they are not going any further." The material ("chained to the specific") should be used, by editing, to achieve the validity, or universality of fiction. Recently McGrath directed a documentary, *The Entertainers*: "This was a genuine technical experiment, using video-tape on location for the first time. I would like to see the documentary reach the stage where the makers are actually *creating* something."



Norman McDowell

England may possess one of the world's most famous ballet companies, but it lags alarmingly behind with experiment. In the Royal Ballet, choreographers like Kenneth MacMillan and dancers like Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable are attempting to push dancing beyond the classical forms, but even so their work remains rooted in the recognizable movements of tradition. The strongest impulses to experiment come bounding across from America, with companies like those of Martha Graham and her disciple Merce Cunningham. This country does possess, however, a number of choreographers and dancers who are only too eager to experiment: the main baulk to their ambitions is a general apathy on the part of the public towards ballet and a consequent lack of funds. To the majority ballet begins and ends at Covent Garden, and sadly, oddly, the gallery screamers who go mad for the 11th performance of *Swan Lake* cold shoulder the smaller, but basically more inventive companies struggling for existence. Against this background the impulse to experiment dies: if the theatregoer lacks interest in modern ballet—however straightforward—how much less is the excitement for experimental ballet. A young dancer who, even in such an unstimulating climate as this, has started a new ballet company is Norman McDowell. His London Dance Theatre had a partially successful season at the Vaudeville Theatre a couple of months ago. "The time is right for experiment," he says. "Everybody is ready to go, but first one must make the theatregoer, especially in the provinces, aware of one's existence. We have no Arts Council grant and ironically we have been offered financial support from a group of German businessmen on condition that we change our name to Ballet 'Europa, which misses the point of what we are trying to do." The London Dance Theatre (notice rejection of the chocolate-box image-word *ballet*) was started just over a year ago by McDowell with Anne Heaton, ex-Royal Ballet dancer. Its aims are clear-cut: to create a repertory without including the famous classical ballets ("It's no good going into competition with the Royal Ballet," says McDowell, and his only concession to points and tutus is a revival of *Veneziana*); to use as many different choreographers and composers as possible ("I do not like the idea of one man running the whole show"); to create theatrical and adult entertainment. The repertory includes short, witty ballets and at least three powerful modern works one of which, *Agriona*, is already considered one of the most impressive of post-war ballets. Electronic music is used for some of the works; Michael Bentine, Robert Graves and Mary Quant are among the many people who have lent their help and advice. "Experiment is of course essential," says McDowell. "But I would think twice before asking the public to pay to see something that is clearly experimental. It has to be done, not necessarily for the public. If you are going to do that you must have this tremendous feeling of theatre to put it across, as Martha Graham has." Ironically, one of the leading dancers from Martha Graham's company—Mary Hinkson—has been in London recently, giving the younger ballet companies, including the Dance Theatre people, lessons in the Graham technique: "After half-an-hour they were moving as they'd never done before," commented an observer.

Norman McDowell with Carol Grant in *Agriona*, in the repertory of his London Dance Theatre, considered one of the most powerful of



PONIES IN MY GARAGE

Mr. Frederick Townsley isn't a horseman, indeed he admits to being rather shy of animals, but since he gave up smoking he has been able to afford to stable two ponies—in a garage in Wimbledon.

In the long run it has proved an economy. The Townsleys' two children Paul, 16, and Elizabeth, 13, have been attending riding schools since they were six and have maintained a keen interest in riding. The biggest expenditure was buying the ponies, Chester and Miss Marcus, and the tack. Funds for their food come out of Mr. Townsley's ex-cigarette budget and straw is supplied free in exchange for manure. The garage the family converted themselves with old doors from a builder's yard and the children are responsible for mucking out, exercising and cleaning tack. To keep a pony at livery would cost from about four guineas a week.

The venture has the approval of the Pony Club of Great Britain who report a rise in membership among the urban branches. Says Miss Roney, secretary

of the Wimbledon branch to which the Townsley children belong: "We wish more of our members had their own ponies, but I wouldn't like anyone to undertake it lightly. The pony comes first always, and children must be prepared to give up a lot of their time all the year round."

A pony cannot fend for itself like a dog or a cat and there are dangers, such as hoof-rot, over- or under-feeding and insufficient exercise, from inexperienced attention. But the pleasure of owning a pony is its own reward and the therapeutic benefits are considerable. According to her mother, Elizabeth was never physically strong and at one point her parents doubted whether they should let her continue riding. "But we're glad we did. She has learned self-confidence and responsibility. I'll never forget the moment she was carried out of the ring shoulder high at the last gymkhana, the outright winner of two riding schools."

Meanwhile the Townsleys' car stays out in the drive.





Above and left: Elizabeth is responsible for feeding, exercising and mucking out in the stables. Opposite page, top: A helping hand from 13-year-old friend Janet Turner. Straw is supplied free in exchange for manure. Opposite page, bottom: Elizabeth on Chester and Janet on Miss Marcus take the ponies out for exercise on Wimbledon Common

Fashion by Unity Barnes **TAKE NO CHANCES...**
 with the new traffic signs, now emerging from the experimental stage and starting to appear on the roads. The bright new examples seen here were discovered at the Ministry of Transport. There will be nearly 300 different ones: start learning now.



TAKE NO CHANCES...

with the stretchy, adaptable, newsy, all-knitted clothes seen with them, because these are no experiment but a tried-and-proved way of dressing for this or any other moment of the year. Photographs by Graham Attwood.



Opposite page, left: Cloud-blue cashmere sweater and skirt, the sweater link-fastened with gilt buttons; collar and big shirt-cuffs in peat brown. By Bonnie Cashin for Ballantyne, sweater 14½ gns., skirt 9 gns., at Debenham & Freebody. **Opposite page, right:** Beige wool blazer

suit, brass-buttoned, with knitted-in pleats to its swinging skirt. By Alpinit, 28 gns. at Miss Sanders, 83 George Street, W.1; Madame Stuart, Maidstone, Canterbury and Chatham. Printed hat by Chez Elle, 6 gns. at Liberty. **Above:** Charcoal and beige Italian mohair suit with a crochet edge; pintucked cream silk blouse. 58 gns. at Harvey Nichols. Beige felt breton, 4 gns. at Liberty. Gilt earrings, by Corocraft and two double-stranded pearl necklaces by Vendôme from a selection at Derry & Toms.



Extra-long cardigan in navy Shetland, banded with ribbon and dazzlingly brass-buttoned, £3 19s. 6d.

Skirt to match, £4 19s. 6d. Both by Lyle & Scott at Huppert; Beatties, Wolverhampton. Tangerine silk turban-scarf, by Lida Ascher Boutique, £3 10s. at Debenham & Freebody. Gilt chain, textured gilt earrings, by Corocraft from a selection at Derry & Toms.



Slate-blue wool sweater overchecked with Cambridge blue; straight skirt to match.
By Hardy Amies for Byford, £8 15s. at Lyles of Holborn; Morgan Squire, Leicester.



Right: Italian knitted wool trio, coffee-bean skirt and pullover slashed with black and white; turtle-necked sweater in white too. By Rima Casuals, 29 gns. at Huppert; McDonalds, Glasgow; Diana Warren, Blackpool.

Centre: Tweedy cream wool jersey fashioned into a jumper suit with soft shoulders, gentle front fullness to the skirt. From Givenchy Jersey, 34 gns. at Woollands. Canvassy straw hat with crimson carnations, by Chez Elle, 12 gns. at Liberty. Cream suede gloves by Morley. Double pearl earrings at



Harrods. **Far right:** Black and white honeycomb-knit linen and nylon suit, straight-skirted with a snowy white collar. By Margray, 25 gns. at Helen Parker, Dover Street; Elisabeth Hinton, Brighton; Nina Arnott, Uckfield & Penshurst. Breton, 4 gns. Liberty.

9
NINE8
EIGHT7
SEVEN6
SIX5
FIVE

Do Surprise Peas taste like sweet tender young garden peas?

Yes, they do. They also look like sweet tender young garden peas, once they're cooked, and provided you follow the manufacturer's directions on the packet. And they're easy to store—sealed in an inner packet, they have a shelf life of several months. My one complaint is that what they describe as three big helpings I would describe as two big helpings, or three fair ones. But this is a fault common to nearly all packaged food, and I long ago came to the conclusion that people who write labels have tiny birdlike appetites. 1s. 3d. a packet.

Can you really use a Pyrosil casserole or frying-pan on a flame as well as inside the oven, and will it take extremes of heat and cold without cracking?

Yes to both these questions. Again, it is essential to follow the manufacturer's directions—they point out that owing to Pyrosil's heat-holding qualities only a low flame is necessary. If you try and hurry it up on a high temperature the food tends to stick or cooks too quickly. Pyrosil equipment is very easy to wash up. A detachable handle that fits all the pans costs 9s. 11d., the frying pan and lid in the picture £2 15s. 6d., from Marshall & Snelgrove, and most good stores.

Is it worth paying the extra money (3s. 3d. buys 5½ fl. oz.) for Salarad mayonnaise?

For my money, yes. It tastes more like home-made mayonnaise than any other bottled product I've tried. Each jar is stamped with the date of manufacture (it should remain in condition for three months) but once you have opened the jar it should be kept in the refrigerator.

Is Royal Normandy copper cleaner an entirely new conception in copper cleaning?

Well, it certainly cleans copper, quickly too. The fluid is rubbed on, and then immediately washed off, taking the dirt with it and leaving a shine. You have to work quickly, though—if you let it dry before it's rinsed, it leaves a mark and you have to start again. 5s. 6d. for 8 fl. oz.

Does Mavala nail strengthener really give you strong new nails?

Speaking as one who has the worst of both worlds as far as nails are concerned (typing and washing-up) it certainly stopped my nails from splitting. It is now available in a new applicator rather like a felt pen, and costs 21s. from Marshall & Snelgrove.

Controlled experiments

Counterspy by Angela Ince



4
FOUR3
THREE2
TWO1
ONE0
NAUGHT

Do Optrex eye masks actually refresh tired eyes?

They certainly are immensely comforting after a long tiring day, when exhaustion seems to be pinpointed behind your eyes. To use them you smooth a mask over your eyes, and lie down for ten minutes, preferably in a darkened room. Twelve masks in an airtight jar cost 7s. 6d. from most chemists.

Does Pat low-lather detergent really cut out unnecessary foam and get clothes clean as well?

Yes, because you can use a lot of it in a washing machine without any risk of it frothing over. The directions on the packet tell you exactly how much detergent to use for average or very soiled clothes, in automatic or combination machines, or for hand washing. 2s. for a packet holding 11½ oz.

Are those honeycomb-type blankets as warm as solid ones?

In my experience, yes, and they are not only warm, but light as well—two of them saw me through last winter and an open window. They are also cool in summer, when their lightness is an extra bonus. Generously sized single cellular blanket by Lan-air-cel in a choice of pale colours, £5 9s. 6d. From Marshall & Snelgrove.

Does Reckitt's liquid blue for use in washing machines make a difference to the end product?

It seemed to me after using it once that it did make white things whiter and bright things brighter. Housewives have of course been using Reckitt's blue for years—the contemporary version in a sensibly designed non-slip plastic bottle costs 1s., and is economical, since you only need about a teaspoon per wash.

Do plastic vacuum seal food containers really seal in freshness?

Yes—I kept four egg-whites in a small-sized container (in a refrigerator) for five days. They stayed in perfect condition and did not go solid and sticky as they would normally have done. The larger sizes are excellent for keeping lettuces crisp in, and you can store left-over cooked vegetables in them in a refrigerator without having the butter taste vaguely of Brussels sprouts. In various sizes and shapes, from 1s. to 5s. 6d. at Woolworth's.



THE fastest way to find out whether a product actually does what it says it will is to try it yourself. Detailed here are the results of ten experiments (all successful) conducted by Angela Ince on products to help the housewife. Penny Tweedie took the picture and the laboratory equipment was supplied by Scientific Glassblowing Co. Ltd., 95 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, who also sell the small corked spice jars in the picture, 9d. each

on plays

Pat Wallace / Great day for the Irish

Miss Lesley Storm's *The Paper Hat* is played for the most part in an atmosphere of good temper and affection. This, of course, rules it out entirely from the category of contemporary misery probers and therefore means, I suppose, that it follows no fashionable trend. It poses no new problems and even the old ones it illustrates—of young love and family relationships—are not explored in depth as is the current custom. The play is, in fact, about as far from the Edward Albee method as it would be possible for a dramatist to get. On the other hand it is charming, funny and warmly human.

The background is a comfortable, unpretentious London flat where Ben lives with his Canadian wife, Janet, and his mercifully invisible baby. He and his brother Peter have an equally absent Scots father and an Irish mother of whom more, much more, anon. Peter has an attractive, slightly older mistress, Georgina, with whom he keeps a separate establishment and all four of them are on friendly, undemanding terms. Their easy life is suddenly ruffled, however, by a frantic message from Ireland to say that a girl whom the young men have known from childhood has run away from her Irish wedding and is in immediate need of rescue from that protestant stronghold, the Y.W.C.A. The salvage is effected and up turns Delia, a pretty girl—direct, simple but by no means gormless—to find temporary lodging.

Hard on her heels comes Daisy, the boys' mother, intent on protecting the orphan girl and obviously delighted at the opportunity of a visit to her sons. Daisy is a fast-talking, ebullient, original creature, marvellously well played by Miss Marie Kean so that one can quite understand why the playwright has given her most of the best lines and the responsibility for most of the comic situations. Daisy is among other things a successful pig farmer, property owner, doting parent, estranged wife and, in general, a ball of fire. She briskly announces her intention of putting up at her younger son's flat, a circumstance which leads to much secret planning and the ignominious despatch of the mistress to clear her effects out of the flat. Though Georgina

remains in evidence, even benignly to baby sit, it is clear that young Peter's focus of interest is moving from her to Delia and this in spite of Daisy's vigorous efforts to take the girl back to Ireland and the interrupted wedding ceremony.

Because this is a happy play in essence as well as in dialogue, it has the ending one might expect but there is nothing tired or conventional about its conclusion. Delia resists all attempts at loving coercion, including a visit to a psychiatrist which she ducks, leaving the indefatigable Daisy to have a rollicking hour with the gentleman in question and, probably, thoroughly upset his theories. Daisy remains irrepressibly optimistic and pronounces on every topic from football teams to the blessed St. Jude: "Sure, he likes to see his name in the papers." She has her own brand of logic too, as when she announces that she must go to the Kilkenny Friday market on Thursday and, when interrogated on this odd decision, retorts: "Sure, they advertise it on Friday but everyone knows they hold it on Thursday. It's to keep the Dublin folk away." The Irish-isms come thick and fast but since the background and most of the other characters belong solidly to London there is never a danger of the terrible quaintness that is apt to creep into wholly Irish plays.

Miss Kean is, as I have said, a delight and plays a completely credible character. Miss Fidelma Murphy (and how's that for an Irish name?) is sweet without being saccharine and Miss Yolande Turner, as the dispossessed lady, is reassuringly grumpy. Her long, slender figure also proves that there are at least one or two women who should positively be encouraged to wear slacks. It is true that women, from the author on, dominate the play, but judging by what is known as audience reaction this is definitely a play for men to enjoy as well. "All I want," cries Georgina at one point, "is to see those—Irish back in—Ireland" and from her point of view that is understandable.

The rest of us welcome their influence on a cosy and very likeable evening in the theatre.

The Paper Hat closes at the Globe this Saturday; a transfer to another theatre is being negotiated.

on films

Elsbeth Grant/Who is Sylvia? What was she?

You may be inclined to dismiss prostitutes and private detectives as a bunch of soulless sluts and ditto snoopers but, according to *Sylvia*, you'd be very wrong to do so. Consider the case of George Maharis, the good-looking private eye hired by a cagey millionaire (Peter Lawford) to investigate the past life of Sylvia (Carroll Baker), the refined young woman he's thinking of marrying. Mr. Maharis is at heart a "perfessor" and lover of ancient history; he has only taken up detection because it pays so much better than teaching. Well, you can't despise the guy for that, can you? I mean, after all, he's got to live.

Then take Miss Baker. Isn't her story, as unearthed by prying Mr. Maharis—it's flashbacks, flashbacks all the way—an affecting one? Raped at the age of 15 by her stepfather (how's that for a new twist?), she naturally became a tart—but you mustn't think she was happy in her work. All she really wanted to do was study literature, grow roses, learn French and help her friends financially. This is why she simply had to go to Mexico with a vile con man (Paul Wexler), slave away in a Pittsburgh brothel, travel to New York as the mistress of a married salesman (Edmond O'Brien) and join the string of expensive call-girls run by a transvestist night club owner (Paul Gilbert).

The moment she had the chance to blackmail a rich, sadistic client (Lloyd Bochner) for \$10,000, you can be sure the dear girl *did*—and when, through shrewd investment, the 10 grew to be 700,000, she cut loose from Mr. Gilbert and hared off to Europe to satisfy her obsessive craving for culture. Now, as a grower of prizewinning roses and authoress of a book of verse (actually published), she is living in tasteful luxury in California and looking forward to marrying Mr. Lawford—never suspecting he's meanly checking up on her background.

It could be quibbled that to marry for money is just to swap one form of prostitution for another, but Mr. Maharis would not agree. He sees Miss Baker a completely reformed and admirable character. His problem is whether to hand the millionaire the information for which he has paid ("through

the nose," snarls nasty Mr. Lawford) or to give Miss Baker a break by suppressing it. Since there's not an ethic to be glimpsed anywhere his decision to cheat his employer will scarcely surprise you.

I can't believe in Miss Baker as a culture vulture—she doesn't *look* right—but I must say, under Gordon Douglas's direction, she plays the frigid tart very well. In the whole, calculatingly mixed, trough of hogwash I consider this film to be, it was a relief to come across a single comparatively wholesome ingredient—Ann Sothern's performance as a good natured, blowsy old thing who sheds tears of pure alcohol at the thought of what a clean living girl Miss Baker always wanted to be, bless her innocent heart.

As if to punish Bette Davis for the grisly little jokes she sprang on Joan Crawford in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*—producer-director Robert Aldrich and his scriptwriters, Henry Farrell and Lukas Heller, have placed her firmly at the receiving end in *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*—a quite preposterous and enormously enjoyable melodrama about a rich recluse and a couple of scheming ghouls who get their greedy paws on her money.

Miss Charlotte (Miss Davis) has been a mite odd ever since the night, 37 years ago, when the married man with whom she intended to elope was murdered at Hollis House, the Louisiana mansion where she and her hag of a housekeeper (Agnes Moorehead) now live alone. It's a pretty eerie establishment and you'd think she'd be glad that the State authorities propose to pull it down to make way for a splendid new road—but no: she's determined to fight for the old place and to help her do so summons her Cousin Miriam (Olivia de Havilland) and a Dr. Bayliss (Joseph Cotten) who was once engaged to Miriam. Ho, hum!

From here on Hollis House grows eerier by the minute. Ghostly voices call Charlotte's name in the night, phantom fingers play a tinkling piano, shadowy figures pass by the windows, a meat chopper mysteriously turns up in the music room beside a severed hand (oh, I forgot to tell you the long-dead lover had been horribly mutilated) and wham! A

severed head comes trundling down the staircase—and Miss Charlotte goes romping round the bend in screaming hysterics.

Miss Davis, who does nothing by halves, looks positively ghastly most of the time—especially when she finally goes tragically to pieces before one's eyes—yet such is her genius that she can persuade one, when she chooses, that she's beautiful. This is not a matter of make-up, it's a matter of being a great actress. Mary Astor is excellent in the minor but important role of the murdered man's dying widow—and Cecil Kellaway is charming and urbane as a retired insurance man from London with an enquiring mind. Miss de Havill-

land's sweetness has a wonderful quality of menace, and Mr. Cotten's bluff heartiness rightly rings marvellously hollow. Tremendous fun, I thought.

Dear Heart, a warmly human comedy delightfully directed by Delbert Mann, has delicious Geraldine Page as a fluttery, effusively friendly small-town postmistress who's come to New York for the Postmasters' Convention and is wistfully bent on having a belated fling. She's not young but is such a poor dear pet, one can't help hoping, as she does, that something will come of her meeting with a nice greeting card salesman—Glenn Ford. Miss Page is absurd and touching—and I think you'll love her.

on books

Oliver Warner/The other Churchill

Instead of expressing my own opinion of **Twenty One Years** by Randolph Churchill (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 21s.) I will quote from the opening. "Diana and I were very naughty children. I remember throwing the nursery maid's wrist watch out of the window from a great height and it shattered on the ground . . . I could never brook authority or discipline." The author seems to have carried that astounding and horrifying disregard of other people's feelings, even of other people, into later life. His book is readable enough, but by far the best thing in it is by someone else—a survey of the author's abilities as they showed themselves at Eton, and it is by Robert Birley.

Everyone, art-lover or not, must be aware of the increasing rift between artist and public. Whose fault is it? Will it ever narrow? William Snaith writes in **The Irresponsible Arts** (Gollancz 25s.) as a practising artist with an open mind, and he deplores not just the gap, which is even wider than it need be, but the way in which such a vital institution as the Museum of Modern Art, New York, arrives at its choices, seeking always to be one step ahead. His treatise, which is easy reading, should do something to comfort those who feel guilty that their taste does not extend to the formless, the sensational, the outrageous and the indisciplined.

A very different work is Richard Hare's **The Art & Artists of Russia** (Methuen £5 10s.) and I hasten to add that it excludes those dreadful propaganda paintings that occupy so much good canvas in Muscovy today. This is a sympathetic and informed book about icons and the Byzantine tradition; silverwork and craftsmanship in precious metals; portrait painting of the earlier periods; porcelain; and it includes a look at some of the distinctive Russian decorative arts.

Anyone lucky enough to have visited the Hermitage at Leningrad will have realized something of the artistic wealth assembled in that fabulous building. The author provides a clear idea of what the Russians have themselves produced, and he closes his survey with the fall of the Tsarist regime.

Victor Canning's **The Whip Hand** (Heinemann 18s.) is by a very seasoned thriller writer and it has all the ingredients of the type of tale in vogue—pretty girl, quite uninhibited; slick private detective, not in the least like Holmes; clipped style of prose; and action at almost predictable milestones in the narrative. This is a good, knotted mystery, likely, unless I'm gravely at fault, to keep the average reader awake and at least half-guessing who the villain is.

The House of the Bittern by Pamela Ropner (Hart-Davis 13s. 6d.) is a little whimsy, reminiscent of the early David Garnett stories, about a boy who discovers the pleasures of the old family farm in the wilds of Norfolk. He meets with an eccentric cleric and a nasty, businessman type of agriculturalist, who wants to buy up the old property. All ends reasonably well, after a good deal of trouble, and the least convincing part of a well-intentioned book is the touch of tragedy when the unfortunate cleric gets drowned by a rising tide.

High pressure sales methods are not the least among the curses of modern life, for the salesman nowadays can penetrate almost anywhere in his handy little Mini. Elizabeth Gundry's **A Foot in the Door** (Muller 20s.), which is all about how they work, can be read as a moral tract or as a devastating factual survey. Next time the gent calls with those stockings or that encyclopaedia, and with the announcement that it is his birthday today, thrust this work in his face and say you know all about how to get rid of the unwanted.

Briefly . . . The Penguin Salad Book (5s.) published originally in America and edited for this country by Elizabeth Craig, is so tempting, text and pictures, that I have already made some successful experiments. Not all the ingredients are easy to come by, but imagination is the thing, and decoration. . . . Does factory life seem a bit creepy? If so, the impression will be reinforced by reading **Small-creep's Day** by Peter C. Brown (Gollancz 21s.) Pinquean Small-creep (Works Number 1644/254) is what he has been made by the machines, and whether you regard this as a satire or a clever description, I think



Carroll Baker plays the title role in Paramount's *Sylvia*, the story of a young girl who has sown her wild oats, with Edmond O'Brien (above) among others, and wants to settle for respectable married life with a millionaire. George Maharis, Peter Lawford and Ann Sothorn seen (top) with Carroll Baker also star. Review by Elspeth Grant opposite

that on the whole it comes off.

Nefertiti by Nicole Vidal (Deutsch 27s. 6d.) is a long novel, well translated from the French, about the life of the Egyptian royalty whose lovely face is so familiar to those who admire a somewhat static beauty. Not that she is static in the story, anything but that... **Esquire's World of Humour** (Arthur Barker 36s.)

is a generous anthology of the humour, written and drawn, in a famous American journal. Taken in small doses at a time this is good for dips, but the jerk from one funny man to another is sometimes disconcerting... **Live Long and Stay Young** by Dr. Eric J. Trimmer (Allen & Unwin 15s.) crowds a lot of good sense into quite a short book.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Rhythm is their business

Whatever else one expects or demands to find in jazz, an underlying beat, the rhythmic pulse, is essential. The role of the drummer has therefore remained important from the earliest evolution of this music and, though technical changes have to some extent modified his role today, he still fulfils a vital function in any group. In an unusual album, **Together** (Atlantic), two of the world's best drummers, Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones, jointly front a small group. I strongly recommend this, particularly to owners of stereophonic equipment, as they are each allocated their own channel, and there can therefore be no confusion as to who is soloing. They weave a skilful tracery of rhythmic changes, through which each emerges as a highly skilled individual. One can seldom have such a good opportunity to hear and compare two top-ranking drummers under these ideal conditions, as it is rare for such masters to meet in the studio.

Another immaculate and consistent performer at the drums is Shelly Manne, whose early career is preserved in an interesting album, **Shelly Manne & Co.** (Stateside). The three small bands with which he is featured are notable for the fine piano work of Eddie Heywood, but the drumming is significant for its conservative style, and conveys a sharp impression of the changes made since 1944. The almost complete absence of cymbals contrasts with the present-day habit of "riding" these much abused and over-worked instruments, sometimes to the detriment of the balance and tone pattern.

Much Max (Realm) catches the irrepressible Max Roach with flying sticks, leading a group in which tenorman Stanley Turrentine provides the main solo relief, blowing magnificently full-toned choruses that blend the influences of both Don Byas and

Rollins. One should remember that Max Roach, along with Kenny Clarke, were the mainstays among the adventurous drummers who went along with Parker and Gillespie, and theirs is the key influence on most of the later protagonists.

The appropriate title, **Swing** (Fontana), presents Coleman Hawkins' swinging tenor sax against a background of jazz greats, Teddy Wilson rippling through the piano part, Buck Clayton and Charlie Shavers presiding over the trumpet, and three masters at the drums: Sid Catlett, who worked with Armstrong for several years; Cozy Cole, another from the Armstrong fold; and Denzil Best, best known for his outstanding brush work with George Shearing and Erroll Garner. As an example of the mainstream music of the late '40s, there is nothing but praise to offer for this seemingly immaculate music. **Classic Tenors** (Stateside) is another outlet for Hawkins, but he shares the limelight with Lester Young, Basie's greatest tenor player, who naturally enjoys the support of the leader's drummer, Jo Jones, who is as impressive here as he is in his fiery work with the big band.

The Greats of Jazz and **The Giants of Modern Jazz** (Pye) are two albums taken from the French Vogue label, which they now distribute in England. The mixture is unlimited, ranging from Bechet and Bigard accompanied by Claude Luter, to Gillespie and Mulligan, via Reinhardt and Ellington. Powell, Monk, Brubeck and others are thrown into the melting pot for good measure, and the most redeeming features of the pair of albums are that all the musicians set out to play good rhythmic jazz, and they only cost a guinea apiece. Except as confusing samplers of what jazz sounds like, they can only baffle the listener and confound the collector.



"Hucksters," from an exhibition of photographs of the island of Barbados, by Barry Swaabe, which is being held on the fourth floor of Harrods. It opened on Monday, for three weeks

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The best of Nolan

When his 20-year-old, original Ned Kelly series of paintings was on show in London last summer Sidney Nolan told me that, though he had returned to the subject of Kelly again and again, he was still not finished with it. In fact he was so moved by seeing those early paintings for the first time in many years that he must have gone straight back to his studio and started on a new version of the saga. This new version is now at Marlborough Fine Art's gallery together with a series of paintings inspired by a visit to Antarctica in 1963 and a number of other works that includes some from his Shakespeare Sonnets series. The exhibition is, I think, his best so far.

Though a penchant for series of paintings, and for returning repeatedly to favourite themes may suggest the contrary, Nolan's imagination is constantly and restlessly producing entirely new images, and the new Ned Kellys have little in common with those of 20 years ago. Ned still has only his empty square helmet for a head but his body is naked. Naked, too, except for their

police helmets, are his pursuers. They lie on the ground or float in the river with vermillion bullet wounds blossoming in their bellies, while Ned watches impassively at a distance like some spectral hunter waiting for a retriever to pick up his kill.

And whereas in the earlier pictures the figures filled the foreground they are now dwarfed by their surroundings. It is as if Nolan has looked at his hero through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars, those same binoculars, perhaps, that he uses in his studio as diminishing glasses, to give him an idea how viewers will see his pictures from a distance.

I have called Ned Nolan's Kelly a hero, but the hero worship of yesterday has gone with the suit of home made armour. The legend based on fact has been transformed into myth. Nolan's attitude (and high viewpoint) is that of a god looking down dispassionately at half-human puppets playing hide-&-seek in the vast, hostile Australian landscape.

The way in which the artist has painted these bush landscapes is worth stopping to note. The paint is thicker than usual and has a repellent,

gluey quality deliberately calculated to evoke more than a visual image, to create a physical sense of a Nature inimical to Man. Looking at them I realized something about Nolan's painting that ought to have been obvious to me long ago. He has the ability to make me feel that the particular style he adopts in painting a landscape is the one style that is right for that particular landscape, whether it is that of Africa or Greece, Arizona or Egypt, Australia or Antarctica. In this exhibition he uses two distinct styles for the tortured Australian scrub and for the vast, empty expanses of Antarctica. Both are different from those he used for the Greek backgrounds in his Leda series and for the landscapes in which his African animals roamed.

On the other side of Bond Street, in Marlborough's New London Gallery, another artist, Kenneth Armitage, is also showing the fruits of an obsession with a legend. Recently Armitage baffled visitors to the Tate Gallery show, "British Sculpture in the Sixties" with a brass sculpture of what looked like a wall that had

developed two breasts as a result of some extremely effective hormone treatment. The catalogue gave the title of this curious work as *The Legend of Skadar, Version 7*, but offered no explanation.

In the present exhibition there are nine versions of *The Legend of Skadar* and the catalogue explains: "In very ancient times, at Skadar, a town on the river Boyana in Yugoslavia, the chief was building a fort. But the walls often collapsed, and so many obstacles and difficulties delayed completion, the people came to realize that an evil force was hindering their efforts—a power so great that only a terrible sacrifice might appease it. It was decided to brick-up a living woman within the walls. Lots were cast and the chief found, to his horror, that his own wife had been selected as the victim. She was duly bricked-up but, since she had just had a baby, a small hole was left in the wall exposing her breasts, so that the infant could feed while she still stayed alive."

Mr. Armitage treats the theme with a literalness that, mercifully, adds nothing to the horror of the legend.

on opera

J. Roger Baker / Twice Britten

In any other country, the production of **Billy Budd** currently showing at the Royal Opera House would be a matter of public scandal. The only people to emerge with any credit are Britten himself (for writing what is clearly a moving, powerful and intellectually strong work), and the conductor Meredith Davies, who captured the orchestral patterns beautifully, particularly in his handling of the interludes.

In the programme the production is credited to Basil Coleman. Maybe he did mount it way back in 1951, but the present shambles shows no remote sign that any intelligent man of the theatre may have had a hand in it. There are two big scenes; one when the crew prepare for battle, and the execution parade. Major scenes of general assembly for some climatic moment always work on the opera stage and Britten has written these with a tremendous sense of the theatre. But they seem shovelled on to the stage without meaning or form. The piling up of cannon and shot should make a gripping moment, and when the battle cannot be fought (due to the return of fog at sea) we too should feel the anticlimax. The execution procession builds up well to Billy's entrance—but when he arrives, so cramped and confused is the stage picture I doubt if even those in the first row could make him out. The music tells us when he arrives, the production does not.

There are similar irritations in the more intimate scenes. During the council and trial episodes I defy anyone short of an accomplished Covent Gardener to distinguish between Mr. Flint and Mr. Redburn who look alike, sing alike and behave alike. It is the first duty of a director to make such distinctions perfectly clear. Then there is that emotional lighting: a blue spot on the villain's face, flaming red from the wings at the climax—one would imagine Joan was being burned rather than Billy hanged. The sets (a word which grotesquely overestimates what is seen on stage) are attributed to John Piper—another subject of wonder. Nevertheless, the crude skeletal piece of wood which comprised the main furniture was lumbered around with the maximum of noise during the quieter interludes.

For the singers, the Opera House had rounded up the dullest collection of male voices available. Only three made any impact: Richard Lewis (sounding very like Peter Pears) as the captain, displaying a clear, steely line, every word clear: Forbes Robinson as the sadistic Master-at-Arms; Joseph Ward as the terrified novice. Peter Glossop made his first attempt at the title role. The projection of pure, boyish, almost naïve innocence and goodness is quite beyond this Rigoletto and de Luna, the voice itself seemed not in top condition; the beautiful song Billy sings while chained, revealed some rough patches that need careful tending.

In an audience survey recently published by Sadler's Wells, opera critics are given pretty short shrift: "Because someone who knows about it says that it was a bad production and gives it a bad review, it does not necessarily follow that I do not like it," is the typical quote given.

Critics, I believe, are not particularly concerned with enticing people to the opera (though this aspect does come into it—the sharing of enthusiasm). Critics are more concerned with ensuring that a great work is done full justice, which is why I found this *Billy Budd* so bitterly disappointing. It could be the most gripping of modern operas, and I know that the subject (justice) has been well developed in dramatic and musical terms. The uninformed operagoer may well enjoy it; but has he been disturbed by it? and anyway, how much more would he enjoy it if it were done well.

Sadler's Wells are also doing Britten: **Peter Grimes** in a splendid production by—well, well—Basil Coleman. Here, all the things that are so distressing in *Billy Budd* are theatrically realized: the climactic crowd scenes, the moments of personal calm, the individuality of the characters. In the title role Ronald Dowd (sounding very like Peter Pears) gives I feel a slightly too self-conscious performance, geared more perhaps for concert hall or gramophone rather than stage. Elizabeth Fretwell makes Ellen Orford into a most sympathetic character, dignified and disenchanted. The rest are all well realized, notably Gregory Dempsey as Bill Boles and Ann Robson as the widow Smedley. See it to redeem your faith in Britten and British opera.



Joan Sutherland as the distracted bride of Lucia di Lammermoor. The season's last performance is at Covent Garden on Monday

GOOD LOOKS

Evelyn Forbes on the track of some off-beat beauty discoveries

The Carmen Curler is a Danish machine that plugs into a power point and heats 18 metal rods supporting plastic rollers in three sizes. When the curlers are the right heat, the top changes colour, the electricity cuts out and the rollers can be lifted off for use. Leave them in from 5-15 minutes according to your type of hair and the set is effected. The Carmen Curler is not sold in the shops but comes direct from the distributors at Carmen House, 9 George Street, London, W.1 (HUNter 5131). It costs 15 guineas.

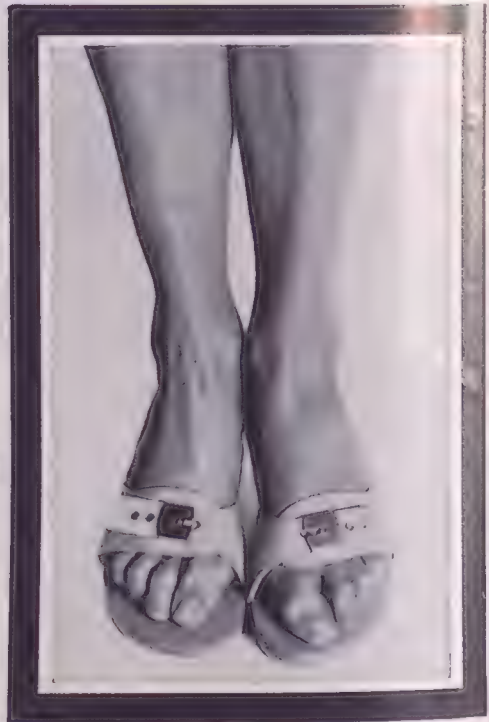
The Maspo Beauty Massager is a basic kit with five attachments for scalp, face and body. It comes in a neat white case, costs 12 guineas. Other attachments, like Chinese Slimming Marbles, £1 9s. 6d., and Glazer Blade for face and contour, 15s. 6d., are bought separately. From Marshall & Snelgrove.

Ambre Solaire Oil is a boon in an aerosol that sprays a mist of protective oil. It costs 13s. 6d.

Ambre Solaire Liquid Cream moisturizes as it protects, comes in a polythene bottle with a hook to hang on your deck chair.

A **masque** will tone up your skin. This one is being given at the Delia Collins Salon, 40 Sloane Street, S.W.1. So will a professional face massage. Failing that give yourself a treatment with Revenescence Cream by Charles of the Ritz. 25s. 6d.

Scholl Exercise Sandals will help slim ankles, calves and thighs. The model is gripping the built-in sandal bar and bracing leg muscles, holding to a count of six and then relaxing. Scholl exercise sandals cost from 48s.



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DINING IN

Home-grown asparagus came on the market two weeks earlier than usual this year, for the first time since 1957. This may not seem important, but it is to the growers because they can compete with supplies from the Continent that much earlier. It may also mean, however, that home-produced asparagus will end two weeks earlier because asparagus is a remarkably seasonal vegetable. I have always been told that our growers do not like to cut asparagus after Ascot.

To me, asparagus means days and days of indulging in my favourite early vegetable. First with melted unsalted butter as the sauce and, after that, in various other presentations. For instance, with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, in the Flemish manner, allowing, as Escoffier does, half a yolk blended with an ounce of melted unsalted butter per person. The seasoning is added at table to each one's individual taste.

I have a set of old-fashioned plates with a little shell-like depression at one side of each. This is useful not only as a container for melted butter, but also an easy place in which to mix the egg yolk and butter at table. It pays to buy a set, but otherwise have each guest tilt his plate away from him (supported by a knife) so that the sauce is retained in the lower, opposite side.

FOR ASPARAGUS POLONAISE, one sprinkles the tips of the cooked asparagus with sieved hard-boiled egg yolk mixed with freshly chopped parsley. A little *beurre noisette* (butter cooked to the stage when it gives off the aroma of roasting hazel-nuts) is poured into each depression, then sprinkled with freshly grated breadcrumbs.

Cold asparagus can be almost as delicious as hot. The simplest and most refreshing dressing is a straightforward oil and vinegar one—three to four parts of best olive oil and one part of best quality French white wine vinegar with pepper and salt.

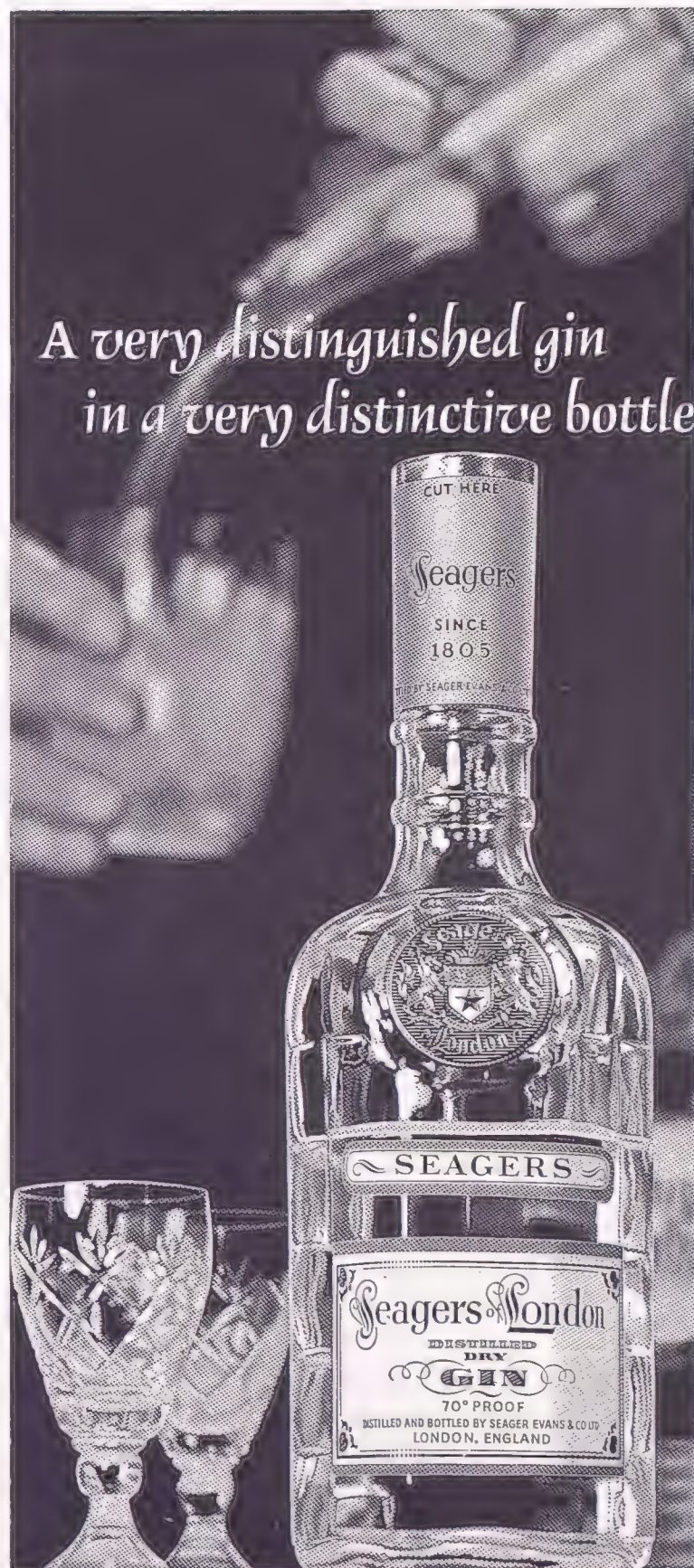
The mixing of this dressing is more important than some people think. Mix a little salt and pepper in a basin. Gradually begin to add and work in the oil, then a few drops of the vinegar (or lemon juice), then more oil and so on until all has been added. Blended and amalgamated this way, there is no fear of the dressing separating.

You can buy a special asparagus pan which is tall and narrow and permits the asparagus to stand upright in slightly salted water, so that the tips reach slightly above it. This means that, when the pan is tightly covered, the tender tips are steamed while the remainder of the spears is boiled. But first cut the spears into uniform lengths and, with a potato peeler, cut off the thinnest strips of the spears from just below the tips. Otherwise use the ever-useful grill pan. Get the water boiling and season it slightly with salt. Place the asparagus in it, all the tips in the one direction, and cover them loosely with aluminium foil, tucking it in under the edges. When the water returns to the boil, cook the asparagus for 15 to 18 minutes, depending on the thickness of the spears. Drain the asparagus by raising the foil at the stem ends. Serve on a folded napkin or piece of absorbent kitchen paper on a heated dish. And be sure that the individual plates are heated too. Many regard Hollandaise sauce as the best accompaniment.

Here is an addition to the nut recipes I gave last week. It is WALDORF SALAD.

The ingredients vary according to what is available. Walnuts are essential. Peel, core and dice a fair-sized dessert apple. Immediately dress with a little lemon juice (to prevent discoloration) and, at the same time, coat with mayonnaise. The lemon juice will thin down the mayonnaise to the desired consistency. Add an equal amount of thinly sliced celery or celeriac. (Celery from the United States is now obtainable.) Heap the salad on to individual plates and, just before serving, sprinkle each portion with chopped or quartered walnut meats to your liking. Serves 4.

Now being made known to a wider public is a very useful service run by Harrods. For people with their own deep freeze cabinets they will pack meat in polythene bags, labelled for easy recognition, and deliver it—free in the area served by them, or customer paid by passenger train or air. Meats available are best English lamb, Scotch beef, dairy-fed pork, and Dutch veal of superb quality.



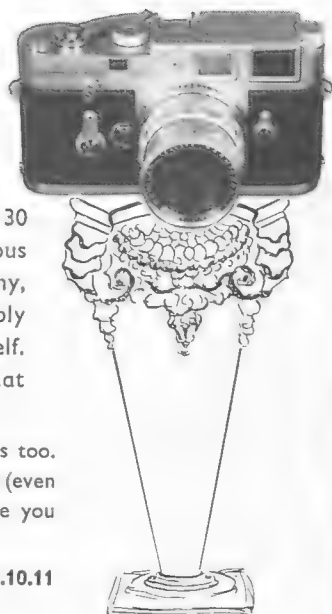
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CHIANTI MELINI



The Lindsay Kemp dance mime company describe Illuminations (New Lyric, Hammersmith till 22 May) as "an extravagant musical entertainment." The show was rapturously received at the Dublin Festival but this is the first time Mr. Kemp (top) has performed in London. Rehearsing the dance Tinsel People at the antique market in Camden Passage (above) are Maria Pavlou, Jack Birkett, Dora Hurde, Lindsay Kemp, Sasha Lord and Patrick Hurde



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Fête



MOLYNEUX

Weddings

Rowbotham—Somers: Sarah Anne, daughter of Brig. Guy Rowbotham, C.B.E., and Mrs. Rowbotham, of Mill Lane Cottage, Passfield, near Liphook, Hants, married Antony Peter, son of Col. T. V. Somers, O.B.E., and Mrs. Somers, of Bagenden Manor, Cirencester, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Chapman—Knapman: Nicky, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Michael Chapman, of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, was married to Brian, son of Mr. & Mrs. F. E. Knapman, of Paignton, at St. Mark's, Torquay



Devitt—Parker: Georgina Jane, daughter of Sir Thomas Devitt, Bt., and Lydia Lady Devitt, was married to the Hon. Nigel Geoffrey, son of the late Hon. John Parker and the Hon. Mrs. Parker, of Pound House, Yelverton, Devon, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



Coles—Cotton: Caroline, daughter of Lt.-Col. G. H. H., and the Hon. Mrs. Coles, of Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, and Federal Regular Army, Aden, and Capt. Rodney G. S. Cotton, R.H.A., son of the late Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Cotton, of Pilton, Crowthorne, Berks, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Cardew—Hoare: Mary Vanessa, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cardew, of Westhanger, Cleeve, nr. Bristol, was married to David John, son of Sir Peter Hoare, Bt., and Lady Hoare, of Luscombe Castle, Dawlish, Devon, at Southwark Cathedral

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David Morton / Comeback for Regent Street

MAN'S WORLD

With so much being written about Carnaby Street and its "male fashion boutiques," there's almost a danger that Regent Street will come to be regarded as a small side street parallel to Carnaby Street. So, quite unprompted by the Regent Street Association, and forgiving them even those ghastly cart-horse-wearing-a-hatrack decorations last Christmas, I think the time has come when Regent Street and its men's shops deserve a few kind words.

After all, you won't find a vicuna topcoat priced at 298 guineas in Carnaby Street—though some of the young shoppers there look as if they could afford one. But Aquascutum can sell you such a coat, and 298 guineas is really a give-away price because it's made of blond vicuna. My mind boggles at the thought of blond mountain goats specially bred on those remote Andean peaks, but the price must prove that gentlemen prefer blondes. Aquascutum have other, darker, vicuna coats

from 145 guineas, as well as pure cashmere topcoats from 43 guineas. And for those who think that goats are getting above themselves, there are some very good-looking wool topcoats from 24 guineas. I personally like the Aquascutum shortcoats, that end about mid-thigh, about four inches shorter than a covert coat. These are made up in towny fabrics as well as country ones—covert cloth and saxony as well as cavalry twills and tweeds, and cost from 20 guineas. They have some nice showerproof coats, too, in bold or subdued patterns, from 22 guineas.

Aquascutum are naturally very proud of their raincoats, as they might well be with a range of 48 cloths and styles. Their Half Weight Raincoat might interest holiday-makers: it weighs 20 ounces against the normal 40, is permanently proofed with their Aqua 5 process, takes up no more room in a suitcase than a shirt, and costs the moderate sum of 14 guineas.

On the first floor, they offer 123 fittings of suits, mostly in exclusive patterns and in almost any style. Two-piece suits start at 27 guineas, three-piece at 34, lightweights from 28. Blazers with the popular reefer influence cost 20 guineas, sports jackets in materials from just about every part of these British Isles start at 14½ guineas. There are also very handsome suede shirt-jackets that can be washed rather than cleaned. And, of course, endless shirts, ties, trousers, knitted things, and a helpful staff who offer the services one doesn't always find in, say, Carnaby Street—valeting, delivery, and credit accounts, for example.

Across the road, and throughout Britain, is Austin Reed, another very complete man's shop. They are having a great success with their British Classic suits—good-looking two- and three-piece suits with no nonsense about them. As their name suggests, these are classic suits with no gimmicks but a lot of distinction; they cost £27 in the two-piece version, another £3 with a waistcoat.

I like also the plain grey worsted suit with swelled edges and slanting pockets, and also a more formal suit

with a cable stripe and side vents. There are also slim lightweight suits in worsted and mohair, with two-button fastening, side vents and slanting pockets; these two-piece suits are £27.

Austin Reed specialize in Gannex weatherproofs, but it might be more optimistic to mention their beachwear. They stock very dashing Cabana sets (what is a Cabana?) consisting of boxer shorts and shirts; I like one set with a towelling shirt and contrasting stretch cotton shorts, about 95s. together.

There's an easy leisure shirt, too, in cool cotton mesh with a boat neck and half sleeves, in white, navy and light blue, for 32s. 6d.

And once again, shirts, shoes, raincoats, hats, ties and a helpful staff. Regent Street is a long street, longer than this column by far, so I haven't room for more than a mention of Jaeger (7-ounce lightweight jacket and trousers, 19 guineas complete, hurry, hurry!). C. Liberty's excellent men's wear department, or...many others. Regent Street offers plenty of choice, and there's less chance of being run down by a Mod's scooter than in some of its more defiantly off-beat tributaries.

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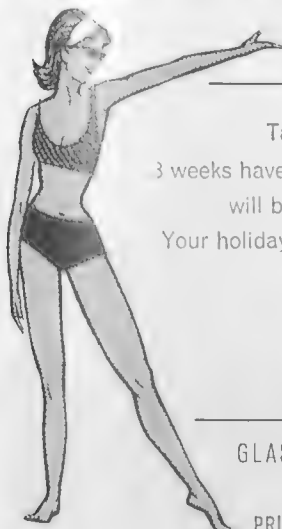
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MOTORING



The Vauxhall estate cars combine style with high capacity. This is the Victor

The estate car or station wagon has progressed a long way since it first came into use as a convenient means of transport for the head gamekeeper and the day's bag, or for the manservant to collect a consignment of wines and spirits from railhead. Then it was essentially a utility vehicle; today it is as well finished as a luxury saloon and with the advantage of having baggage space galore. It is a car-plus, and the modern tendency in body design is to marry an estate car tail to a saloon front, as initiated by the Austin A.40 and taken up by the new Renault 16 (reviewed in the *TATLER* of 10 March). At Luton, however, Vauxhalls stick firmly to the idea of keeping the two types apart, and their Victor and Cresta estate cars are very definitely cargo carriers, with seating for four, five or even six persons in addition.

The Victor, which this year is called Series 101, has been smartened up very considerably and, when I had one to try recently, passers-by gave it admiring inspections. Its body is extremely wide because the

side windows have been curved to allow the doors to belly out at the passengers' shoulder height, and because of this ingenious plan three can be seated abreast front and back without noticeable crowding.

Vauxhalls say that the cargo space is just over 50 cubic feet, on a floor only a few inches short of six feet long and 4 ft. 6 ins. wide. This is remarkable for a vehicle a mere trifle over 14 ft. 6 ins. in length. Its price is £775, tax paid, or £859 if you have the de luxe version, which has individual front seats, and leather upholstery if you prefer (it would certainly be my choice). But the head gamekeeper would have to lay a waterproof sheet on the floor before he slung the bleeding bag on to it if it were *my* estate car, and I would probably choose the ordinary model, known as the "Super," which has plain lino laid down in its goods compartment.

The Victor's four-cylinder engine, of 1.6 litres capacity, is credited with 70 b.h.p., and certainly pulls the ton weight of the estate car very creditably. I managed to get close on 85 m.p.h. out of it, but must say that, when fully extended, the engine is not a marvel of silence and smoothness—other manu-

facturers are, perhaps, over-pampering us with five-bearing crankshafts which keep harshness at bay when an engine is really exerting itself. This is not to say, however, that the Victor fails to behave impeccably at normal everyday speeds; it does, indeed, do its work with a minimum of fuss under the average motorist's driving conditions, starts up instantaneously after cold nights in the open and demands only premium petrol despite an unusually high (9 to 1) compression ratio.

The model I had was fitted with the standard three-speed gearbox and steering column change speed; I would have preferred the four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox, which is £14 10s. extra. Fuel consumption, as usual, varied a good deal depending on the method of driving, and anything between about 24 and 29 miles to the gallon was obtained. Motorways, of course, proved the biggest thief of fuel, with the sustained high cruising speeds they demand.

Shortly after trying the Victor, I had the use of a Cresta estate car; this is the six cylinder Vauxhall model which had its engine opened up from 2.6 to 3.3 litres last October and,

as one would expect, the extra 21 per cent more power (115 b.h.p. altogether) has pepped up the vehicle's performance considerably. It will now do close on 100 m.p.h. and, having the four-speed gearbox, 70 m.p.h. in third gear. One has, however, to pay for the increase in fuel consumption, and only by careful driving hope to better 20 miles to the gallon; 17-18 is nearer the mark if one takes advantage of the engine's capabilities. This makes the 10-gallon tank seem rather small, giving the vehicle a range of under 200 miles between replenishments.

The price of the Cresta estate car is well over four figures—£1,325 including tax—but the less de luxe Velox (which in its main features is the same) is £1,222. The four-speed gearbox is an extra with both, as on the Victor. In styling, these Vauxhalls have a strong international look, with a bias towards America, but in their finish and interior appointments they accord with British taste. They also handle like typical European cars, though it must be admitted that the estate car body tends to produce a suspicion of roll on bends with or without that head gamekeeper's bag inside.

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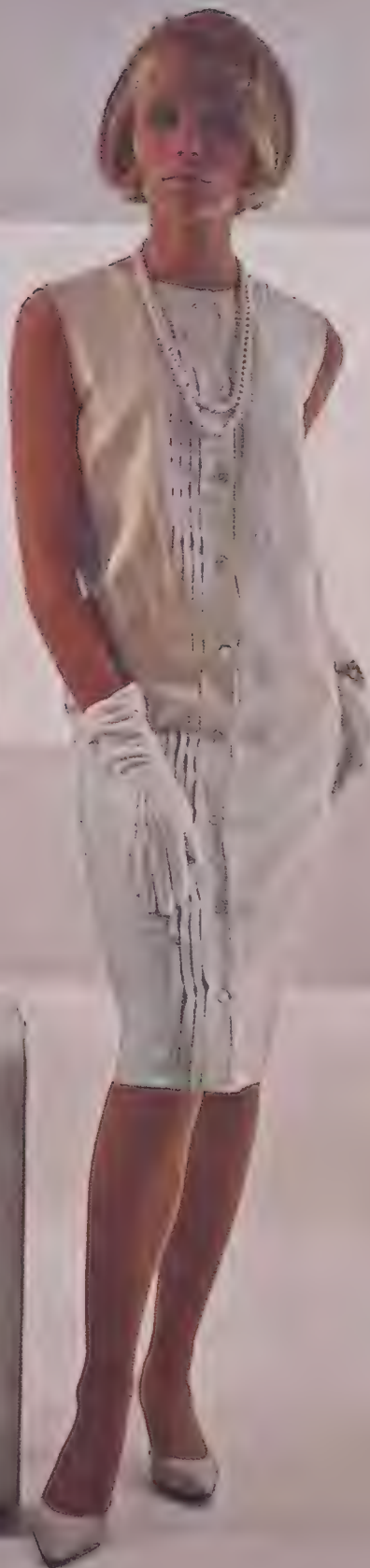
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